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THE

WEE STEEPLE'S GHAIST,

AND

OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

BY JOHN MITCHELL,

AUTHOR OF "A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF DOON," &c.

PAISLEY:—MURRAY & STEWART.

MDCCCXL.

MK

Paisley :—Printed by J. Neilson.

TO

JOHN WILSON, Esq.,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,

A NATIVE OF PAISLEY,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS TOWNSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

"He was delighted to find that no change had taken place on the venerable Abbey, but on turning his eyes to a different quarter of the town, he declared that he missed, with a sigh, the WEE STEEPLE! that miracle of stunted architecture, so dear to the recollection of every genuine *Paisley body*. But, alas! the march of innovation had levelled the Wee Steeple with the dust, and silenced for ever the monotonous clank of its time-worn bell, 'yclept the *Yammer Yowls*."—*Speech of Professor Wilson, at the Jubilee dinner given to Mr. James Peddie, by his Pupils and Friends in Paisley*, 11*th February*, 1831.

PREFACE.

As I dislike to read a long Preface, it would be ridiculous in me to write a long one. As it is necessary, however, that something should be said in the way of prefatory matter, I shall lay before my readers the best account of St. Rollock's Chapel, so often referred to in the "Wee Steeple's Ghaist," that I have met with. It is from the pen of the late Wm. Motherwell, Esq., author of "Jeanie Morrison," and many other poetical pieces of merit, and is extracted from the columns of the *Paisley Advertiser*, bearing date Sept. 20th, 1828.

"On Wednesday morning the workmen employed by Mr Macfarlane, in laying water pipes, from the Canal to his distillery in the Lonewells, unexpectedly invaded the precincts of the Dead while carrying their excavations through Castle-street. At the corner of this street they laid bare the bones of some one or two goodly personages of elder times, and shovelled forth as many skulls as might form an excellent cabinet for a phrenologist, or a meet theme whereon some itinerant Hamlet might moralize to the admiration of the groundlings. One of those "Deid powis" graces the collection of natural and artificial curiosities belonging to Mr. Robert Simm, 31, Wellmeadow. At the place where these bones were found, stood a small chapel dedicated to St. Rollock or St. Roque, to which a burial place was attached. At the dissolution of the monastery, the chapel was allowed to fall into disrepair, and it and the kirkyaird appear, from markings in the Town Records, to have been set, from year to year, to tenants, at a rent varying from three to six pund Scots. About the year 1612, it was agreed by the Baillies and Council, that St. Rollock's kirk should be taken down, and the "stanes, timber, and sclait thereof, bestowit upon building ane Hospitall." This was done, and out of the materials of St. Roque's kirk or chapel rose

the Alms House or Hospital for "sax puir men," which stood at the West Port. The steeple of which (vulgarly called the *Wee Steeple*,) was unadvisedly swept away in the first ebullition of some extraordinary march of mind movement among the members of the Town Council. But it is easier knocking down an old steeple than building a new one, as the present humbled crest of St. George's church to this day can testify. At the same corner of Castle-street stood an ancient Cross, which also fell a victim to local improvement. Of the demolition of this Cross, Semple, in his Continuation of Crawfurd, speaks, but of the kirk and kirkyaird in that part of the town, he appears to have been quite ignorant. Indeed, so entirely had its memory perished, that even tradition had transmogrified St. Rollock's kirkyaird into "Sandie Rock's kailyaird." The bones of the dead in that part of the town seem to have fattened the earth amazingly. The little gardens behind the houses there are quite exuberant of fruits and flowers, and in that of Mr. Robert Simm we saw with our own eyes, some gigantic hollyhocks, the shortest of which was 9 feet odd inches, and the tallest 12 feet 3 inches in height."

A number of the smaller pieces which appear in this volume have, by the kindness of Mr. Hay, a gentleman to whose good taste I have, in more than one instance, been indebted, been allowed to appear in the "Poets' Corner" of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and, of course, must have been read by many of my townsmen. With regard to the rest of the work, I beg my readers to recollect what I said in the preface to a former volume: that my highest ambition was to be reckoned respectable among the minor bards of my native land, and if I attain that, to me enviable distinction, I may proudly say that my labour has not been in vain.

Paisley, *September*, 1840.

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THE

WEE STEEPLE'S GHAIST.

DUAN I.

Ye wha gang to your beds at ten,
And shun, as douce folk do, the den
Where hair-brain'd fun and frolic len'
The racy jokes,
Which in the breasts o' thoughtless men
Laughter provokes.

Wi' cloudless brow ilk morn ye'll rise,
Remorse for misspent time ne'er tries
To wring from your calm souls the sighs
Which dissipation
Draws from the fool who headlong flies
Full on temptation.

O ! rosy are the hours that glide
O'er merry hearts when pleasure's tide
In ample fulness stretches wide
O'er Care's domain,
And floats on Fancy's air-blown pride,
Unmix'd wi' pain.

Then Hope sheds on our coming years
The glow that flowery summer wears;
While unsuspicious friendship hears,
On every hand,
The tones that social life endears,
In accents bland.

But, ah ! the fairest flowers will fade,
Ev'n day will sink in evening's shade,
Youth may run riot through the glade,
In life's gay morn,
But Care laughs from his ambuscade
In wrinkled scorn.

For Care treads hard on Pleasure's heels,
And the bright bowl too aft conceals
A sting the blood-shot eye reveals,
And feeble gait,
Which thoughtless man too often feels
When 'tis too late.

Ah! then he'll sit and moralize,
And intermingle with his sighs,
The tears remorse from error buys,
For squandered wealth;
Or, what a deeper grief supplies,
For squandered health.

And yet, to gie the deil his due,
Th' observant eye may sometimes view,
Amang the thoughtless, roaring crew,
Some sparks o' nature,
Which lend to revelry the hue
O' virtue's feature.

But when "past ane" the watchman cries,
And frae the magic bowl they rise,
Distorted fancy aft supplies
Their hameward way,
Wi' visions which ne'er greet their eyes
In sober day.

Which I will prove this verra hour,
As sure as twa times twa is four;
Or that leaves shade each bonny bower
In merry June;
Or dew-drops glisten in ilk flower
Beneath May's moon.

Ae Monday's night, no lang sinsyne,
Some birkies that are frien's o' mine,
In Jamie Gibb's[1] their placks would join,
To taste his yill;
And ere their seats they did resign,
They had their fill.

Wi' lightsome heart I join'd the core,
And blithely mingled in the roar,
Which made Care seek anither door
Wi' his grimaces;
My troth! he ne'er had seen before
Sic merry faces.

The night wore on, till sleep began
To urge her claim, wi' visage wan,
And hinted, in broad yawns, the plan
We should pursue,
Was, ring the bell, and pay aff han'
Whate'er was due.

We took the hint, and paid our score,
And soon were outside o' the door;
But may I ne'er taste gude yill more,
Nor reeking toddy,
If I e'er saw the like before,
Since in the body.

As fate would hae't, no ane gaed west
But me, so I mysel' addrest,
To seek alane my humble nest
Quite void o' fear,
That ghaists our streets did still infest;
But you shall hear.

The New Street I had scarcely past,
When I observed a spectre vast,
Slow gliding, tall as ony mast
That sails on Clyde,
From which a queerish light was cast
On every side.

I started when the thing I saw,
But couldna frae the spot withdraw,
I merely lean'd against the wa',
At Urie's[2] door,
Or faith! stern gravitation's law
Wad had me o'er.

A robe o' mist the spectre wore,
Three dials on its breast it bore,
Its helmet shot sax yards and more
Into the skies,
On which a cock sat to explore
Where winds would rise.

It glided gently down the street,
Nae soun' came frae its noiseless feet
Which fell as saft's a flake o' sleet
Fa's on a stream;
Or than the light which flows sae fleet
Frae the moon's beam.

Three times the ghaist turned itsel' roun',
And carefully survey'd the town,
To note if ony hairbrain'd loon,
Despite the people,
Had, in the pride o' place, ta'en down
Some ither steeple.

Fear held me in her fix'd embrace,
The verra bluid forsook my face,
My feet were rooted to the place,
Or, faith! ye'd seen,
I wad hae try'd the win' a race,
And beat it clean.

But from my joints a' vigour fled,
Wi' blabs o' dew my brow was clad,
An' when the spectre turn'd its head
Right full on me,
I could a-maist hae wish'd a bed,
Though 'neath the sea.

But wishes are but useless things,
Which to the owner seldom brings
What most he longs for; even kings
Aft wish in vain,
Or liberty would feel sharp stings
In mony a reign.

As soon as e'er the cratur' saw
A mortal clinging to the wa',
An' trembling like ane gaun to fa',
It quickly drew
Itsel' into a form as sma'
'S the moon when new.

Yet still it kept its e'en on me,
Wha inly wish'd the thing wad flee
Aff to some ither place, an' lea'
The footpaths clear;
It's no a place where ghaists should be;
Kirk-yards are near.

There's room eneuch in the kirk-yard
For a' the ghaists on earth to guard
Whate'er's their ain; an' if it's shared
Atween them right,
My faith! what right hae they to beard
Douce folks at night?

An' then ghaists ne'er keep timeous hours,
For soon as e'er dark midnight lours
They glide about; an', by the powers,
They are sae queer,
If men but keep in threes or fours,
They ne'er appear.

But if by chance some thoughtless chiel
Should frae a tavern hamewards reel
At dead o' night, some ill-faured deil,
Or meagre ghost,
Is sure, wi' some unyirthly squeel,
Him to accost.

Some folk think that imagination,
When raised on drink, lays the foundation
O' a' the sights *ghaist see-ers* gaze on
When day's awa':
An' that no ane that has his reason,
A ghaist e'er saw.

But had these stubborn doubters been
Wi' me that night, they wad hae seen
What wad hae made their doubts, I ween.
Dissolve in air,
And taught them ghaists still walk at e'en,
If folks ken't where.

Lang, lang, I trew, the spectre gazed
On me before its eyes it raised,
An' when it saw me sae debased
Wi' abject fright,
Lord saf's! its laugh me mair amazed,
Than its strange sight.

An' when its laugh had passed awa',
An' silence reign'd again o'er a',
The steeple spectre sounded "twa,"
In tones so queer,
That cocks that morn forgat to craw
Wi' perfect fear.

At length, wi' measured steps an' slow
It me approach'd, and, bending low,
Requested I would let it know
If I could wait,
And hear it tell a tale o' woe
Of ancient date.

"An' lay aside your idle fears,"
It further said, "An' len' your ears,
To what will wring the briny tears
Frae your twa een,
For ane wha graced for mony years,
This street, I ween."

It paused, an' I could plainly see,
It waited a reply frae me,
And I confess its modest e'e,
And grievous plight,
Restored me to tranquillity,
And banish'd fright.

Yes! terror from me fled awa',
And left a wish that what I saw
Wadna frae me its presence draw,
But that its stay
Wad last till it had tauld me a'
It had to say.

I gently said that I could wait,
And hear whate'er it had to state;
But hinted that, as it was late,
We twa might meet
Some given hour neist day, if fate
Wad so decree't.

"Na! na! gudeman," the spectre said,
And shook its pensive ample head,
"It is na fitting that the dead
Should ever stray
'Mid scenes where thoughtless men parade
In open day.

"I'm the wee steeple's ghaist!" Quoth I,
"Ye're size eneuch, but gudesake try
To leuk some ither gate; your eye,
Though mild and tearfu',
Till ance folk bid auld Time good bye,
Is somewhat fearfu'."

"Fearfu'! ah! mortal, if ye knew
My harmless nature, ye would view
My form with other eyes, I trew,
Than those of terror;
Exert your judgment and subdue
Fears based on error."

"I will," said I, "but yet surprise
Will sometimes o'er the judgment rise,
In spite of reason's searching eyes,
'Tis nature's law;
It's easy to philosophize,
When fear's awa'."

"We'll speak o' that again, my frien',"
Replied the spectre; "come, we'll lean
Upon the spot where aft ye've seen
Me proudly stan',
Ere brainless dolterheads me clean
Swept from the lan'.

"And I will speak of ancient days,
When simple truth won mankind's praise,
Yet shunned the supple fawning ways
Which falsehood dares,
And wore unsoil'd the spotless bays
Which virtue wears."

So spake the ghaist, and straightway glidit
Across to where it lang presidit;
And though wi' secret dread I eyed it
Turn itsel' roun',
I cannilie slipt o'er beside it,
An' baith sat down.

END OF DUAN I.

DUAN II.

Ye wha a *real* ghost ne'er saw,
May sceptic-like your learning shaw,
By proving, as *ye* think, that a'
Philosophy
Is based on a material law
Which must agree

With every thing we hear and see,
And taste, and smell, and touch; while he
Who doubts, though in the least degree,
Your words, in sooth,
Must be a downright enemy
To simple truth.

I hae na time to clear the een
O' those wha to sic doctrines lean,
But I will bet the chiels a preen,
Tho' I should lose't,
They wadna say sae, had they seen
A steeple's ghost.

An' that I saw ane nane will doubt,
When they hae heard my story out,
Wi' a' the outs and ins about
Our ancient town,
Which Smith [4] himsel' would scarce dispute,
If sleeping soun'.

Nae sooner had we baith sat down,
Than carefully the spectre loon
Drew round its ample form its gown
O' light blue mist,
And cried, wi' voice o' solemn soun',
"List! list! O list.

"Stranger, ye see beside you here
A form that aiblins ye'll think queer,
And yet I've stood for mony a year
In this same place,
Without e'er raising dread or fear
In ony face.

"But yet 'tis true, I must confess,
That those who leave this wilderness,
Must be content to keep, I guess,
Far frae the e'e
O' those wham they at kirk or mess
Were proud to see.

" Even they wha o'er the foamy yill
Fear naething but the landlord's bill,
Wad rather sit, or I've nae skill,
On headless preens,
Than see, when roaring o'er a gill,
Their buried frien's.

" Eneugh o' this, for I begin,
As Shakspeare says, to snuff the win',
And by-the-bye the expression's in
A true ghaist's speech,
Which cam' its philosophic son
Revenge to teach.

" And Shakspeare lived when I was young,
Wha man in a' his phases sung,
And o'er his scenes such magic flung,
That time will hear
His strains float last from music's tongue,
When th' end is near.

" Eneugh o' this then, as I said,
And yet digressions will invade
The wisest head that e'er was made,
As weel as mine,
But noo I see my story laid
Out straight's a line.

"Ye'll no min' where St. Rollock's [6] stood?"
The spectre speir't. "I think I should,"
Was my reply; "at least I could
Name mony a laird
Wha banes hae howkit frae their shroud
In its kirk-yard.

"There's Robin Simm,[7] in the west en',
A chiel I'm verra sure ye ken,
At least the maist feck o' the men
In our gude toon,
Wha's age exceeds twa score and ten,
Weel ken the loon.

"Weel, Robin has for mony a year
Retain'd amang his goods and gear,
Baith skulls and banes, which he can swear
Were howkit where
Men did St. Rollock's chapel rear
Baith firm and fair."

"It's verra true," replied the ghost,
"And I'm right glad the town can boast
Some who a bumper yet may toast
To Rollock's name,
For, let me tell you, to his cost,
My birth [8] I claim.

"Ye've heard o' the grand Reformation,
When Knox and Co. laid the foundation
O' what you Scotch folk as a nation,
Are unca vain,
Which is the kirk, or congregation
Ye ca' your ain.

"For centuries the Pope of Rome
Held Europe underneath his thumb
Sae firmly, that his 'Bull' could doom
King, prince, or lord,
To dance attendance as his groom,
Or wait his board.

"But Nature whiles produces men,
Wha's eager sharp-set souls maun ken,
How ane by ae dash o' a pen,
An' naething mair,
Mak's thousands gnaw their fingers ten
In black despair.

"And sic a ane in Luther rose,
Wha dared his Popeship to oppose,
And told his minions to their nose,
That, right or wrang,
He would the villanies expose
O' the hale gang.

" Unless his Holiness would tell
Those who indulgencies dared sell,
That they were leading straight to hell
Their flocks in fact,
And by the arm of power compel
Them to retract.

" But Popes are just like ither men,
And hate to part wi' what they ken
To them a consequence will len'
In the world's eye :
So Luther's fearless tongue and pen
Gat the go by.

" He was denounced an innovator,
A deep and dark calumniator,
Wha dared in face o' his Creator
The triple crown
Assail, and therefore as a traitor
Should be put down.

" But Luther's daring soul disdain'd
To tread the path by error stain'd,
And fearlessly the Pope arraign'd
As dealing in
The poison that man's soul enchain'd
And steep d in sin.

" He cared not how the Pope's ' Bulls' roar'd,
Indulgencies his soul abhorr'd,
And soon congenial minds encored,
Wi joyfu' cries,
What would creation's prostrate lord
Raise to the skies.

" But dark and bitter were the woes
That Europe felt, ere Reason's foes
Could see, that whoe'er would by blows
Enforce opinions,
Will sometimes cash and credit lose,
As weel's dominions.

" And so, I trew, they found who dared
Oppose what Reason's voice declared
Should be by all of mankind shared,
Free as the light,
Which rosy morn brings to discard
Dark-pated night.

" Wars rose, 'tis true, but Liberty
Wrench'd from the grasp of Tyranny,
Lands that too long had bent the knee
To priestly blethers,
And taught them mankind would be free.
Despite their tethers.

" O'er many lands the new creed spread,
And time-worn Mummery with dread
Saw Common Sense erect her head,
Where Superstition
For centuries her blight had shed
On man's condition.

" Then dynasties were overturn'd !
Then stubborn chiefs concession spurn'd !
And Strife, and deadly Fury burn'd
In every breast,
While Peace afar from mankind mourn'd
Her broken rest.

" Red Murder on her gory car
Roused Persecution to the war,
Beneath whose dark malignant star
Wild Havoc ran,
Destruction's floodgates to unbar
On hapless man.

" Yet still Inquiry spread, and those
Who dared her progress to oppose,
Were taught that neither threats nor blows,
Nor torture's pains,
Could keep Truth among Reason's foes,
Nor hold in chains.

" Churches and monasteries fell,
And Hate and Horror rose to swell
The jarring discord that too well
A nation feels,
When ruthless priests rise to repel
What Truth reveals.

" Your native land can tell a tale,
Pregnant with weeping, woe, and wail,
When your bold fathers dared assail
Corruption's towers,
And swept before stern Freedom's gale
Her bloated powers.

" Go view the pile where Brewster [9] leads
The soul through Virtue's flowery meads,
And calmly with the sinner pleads
The path to shun,
Where Folly, reckless of her deeds,
Still loves to run.

" There ghastly Ruin sits and smiles,
Arrayed in vengeful Faction's spoils,
While weeping Art surveys her toils
All prostrate lie,
And from the once loved place recoils
With sorrowing eye.

" Yet Paisley boasts of its remains,
'Tis right it should, for it sustains
The credit o' the place, and gains
Each stranger's praise,
Who coldly eyes your barn-like Fanes
O' modern days.

" Melrose, and many I could name,
Whose fate speaks the destroyer's shame,
Attest how deadly was the game
Your fathers play'd,
Ere Freedom's laurels they could claim,
Which ne'er shall fade.

" ' Down wi' the nests,' exclaim'd John Knox,
' Ye'll see the rooks decamp in flocks,'
And soon before his biting jokes
Cathedrals fell,
And sent their inmates, precious folks!
Elsewhere to dwell.

" But mid this universal wreck
O' temples, I must not neglect
To mention ae place wi' respect
And veneration,
That rose its church walls to protect
From spoliation.

"'Twas Glasgow! and the deep-toned bell
That there tolls *ten at e'en's* death knell,
Hangs in the spire that you know well
Was doom'd to fa'
By those rude hands before whom fell
Your Abbey's wa'.

"But auld St. Mungo's sons arose,
And told proud Architecture's foes,
That ere their temple they would lose,
Or see deranged,
They something in the shape o' blows
Must see exchanged.

"This made Destruction stand at bay,
And carefully the force survey,
Array'd in glittering armour gay
Around the pile,
Resolved no foeman should that day
Its precincts soil.

"Nor did they dare the deed to try,
Tho' proudly, 'gainst the azure sky,
St. Mungo's spire gave each the lie,
Who came that day,
Its venerable form and high
On earth to lay.

"Suffice it—Monks were chased awa',
And something like a peace men saw,
But it was lang before that a'
Men could agree,
If this or that should be the law
They should decree.

"Ane wad hae this, and ane hae that,
Ane kentna what he wad be at,
While ane wad sit as mim's a cat
Watching a mouse,
And try to turn the change's fat
To his ain use.

"Thus, though the stormy winds gi'e o'er
To rave along the sounding shore,
The chafed and troubled waves will roar
Along the main,
Till hours to harmony restore
The watery plain.

"So fared it with your land, the blast
Which deeds of darkness o'er it cast,
Revolving years left with the past,
And gentler gales
Restored to peace and joy at last
Your bonnyvales.

"And lang may Peace and Plenty reign,
Auld Scotland! o'er thy wide domain,
Wha's hardy sons dared to maintain,
Through Terror's night,
The faith that Kings assailed in vain,
In fruitless fight.

"But stop! the Heigh Kirk steeple sounds,
And '*three*' through a' the toon rebounds;
We'll hide until the watchman's rounds
The echoes cheer,
I wadna for a gude wheen pounds
They'd catch us here."

END OF DUAN II.

DUAN III.

Time tarries not! The lover may
Think hours are months, ere comes the day
That will to his fond arms convey
The maid whose smiles
Lend smoothness to the rugged way
O' life's defiles.

But mark the wight whose restless eye
Perceives with fear the day is nigh,
When some bit *bill* will gape and cry
Within his shop,
While fient a saxpence is laid bye
Its mouth to stop.

To him days after days succeed,
Wi' ten times mair than railway speed,
For weel he kens nae man need plead
A langer day
Wi' bankers, wha hae just ae creed,
"*Your bill's to pay.*"

So Time that morn, I must confess,
Flew swifter than words can express,
For I now feared the Ghaist's address
Wad be cut short
By bare-faced Morning's forwardness,
Wha aft spoils sport.

But to proceed: From the High Street
We bent our steps on noiseless feet,
And, unperceived, took up our seat
Where Tammie Barr[10]
Presides, when doughty bowlers meet
In friendly war.

"Look round you," my strange frien' began,
"When day revisits earth, and scan
Yon varied scene; then, if you can
A place declare
Mair pleasing to the eye of man,
Pray tell me where.

"Beneath us spreads a verdant plain,
Which Industry has made her ain,
Where woody lawns, and waving grain,
Amply repay
The toil which Labour must sustain
On Life's rough way.

"There Cart's dark waters gently glide
Through vales, the sturdy ploughman's pride;
There Gryfe rolls on with hurrying stride
Her limpid wave,
Within the bosom of the Clyde
To find a grave.

"There stately mansions rise, where spread
The treach'rous moss's oozy bed,
And cots, which echo to the tread
O' lusty life,
Bespeak the rustics that are bred
Near Cart and Gryfe.

"The hills that overlook the Clyde,
Or skirt romantic Gareloch's side,
Loch Long's proud mountains, where with pride
The Cobbler dares
His head amang the clouds to hide,
Tho' thunder rairs.

"These rise in the astonished sight,
Like giants in their conscious might,
While Goatfell's[11] peak, serenely bright,
Far in the west,
Heaves o'er the landscape with delight
His rocky crest.

"Gleniffer's heathy ridge is seen,
Where Tannahill sae aft has been
At rosy morn, and dewy e'en,
Weaving his lays,
To strains that will delight, I ween,
Far future days.

"But why should I attempt to trace
To you the beauties of this place?
Morn soon wi' rosy light will chase
Night's shadows pale,
And give to new-born day's embrace,
Hill, stream, and vale.

"Then to this place you may repair,
And a' the goodly prospect share,
Whilst I in unsubstantial air
Must be conceal'd,
Till Night permits my form ance mair
To stand reveal'd.

"But I must change the theme, and tell
You what unto myself befel,
Ere from my head they tore the bell
Which, morn and night,
Proclaim'd o'er moor and woody dell,
Time's rapid flight.

"When I was formed green meadows spread
Frae the West Port [12] to Broomland's head;
Now spacious streets confess the tread
O' busy men,
Where aft the hare and greedy glede
Their days would spen'.

"Ye'll ken the head o' Castle Street?"—
"Brawly," said I, "were't day we'd see't
Here where we sit." "Weel, 'twas decree't
Before my day,
A chapel at St. Rollock's feet
Down there they'd lay.

"Lang years the chapel stood before
Reformers rose and closed its door,
And told the lazy monkish core
To gang their wa's,
And tell the Pope they'd hear no more
Their hums and ha's.

"Wi' heavy hearts the monks obeyed,
For far awa' were they whose aid
Might aiblins prop their falling trade;
So they withdrew
When they had *Ave Marias* said
Mair than anew.

" The monks awa', the moths assail
The seats where sinners aft would wail
The sins their priests as aft would flail
Wi' sic gude skill,
That sin to them brought fatter kail,
An' stronger yill.

" But prudent magistrates thought fit
To exercise the council's wit,
By trying if they couldna hit
Upon some scheme
That would increase their funds a bit,
And raise their fame.

" Weel, auld St. Rollock's kirk was doom'd,
That incense aften had perfumed,
And candles in mid-day illumed,
To be let out
To men on whom the saunt aft gloom'd,
Ye needna doubt.

" But councils, tho' reformed, we see,
Can change their minds and disagree
Like ither folk ; so a decree
Was quickly pass'd,
That sainted Rollock's kirk should be
To earth down cast.

"Sae down it came, an' frae its wreck
At the West Port they caused erect
An almshouse, nor did they neglect
To ornament it
Wi' a braw steeple, which respect
An' honour lent it.

"An' that was me, an' ye hae seen
My gawcy form wi' your ain een,
And if I'm no mista'en ye've been
Within my ha',
Where corporations would convene
Their rolls to ca'.

"There fleshers, wha on graceless meat
Grew fat, would prove their balance sheet,
While cobblers on their *in-taed* feet,
Just for display,
Wad talk themsel's into a heat,
Yet naething say.

"There lank lean tailors wad convene,
In coats from *cabbage* made, I ween,
An' speak as crouse as if they'd been
As many men;
Tho' they who to sic doctrines lean
Are few, we ken.

"These were the bright and palmy days,
When simple truth won mankind's praise,
While Affectation's mawkish ways
They would despise,
And tread the path where Virtue strays
In Honour's guise.

"Then Bailies were a gawcy race,
Fine roun' made men wha weel could grace
A bench, or ony ither place,
Wi' sic gude skill,
That folk frae neighbours in nae case
Durst keep their yill.[13]

"And when St. James' day's fair cam' roun',
How gallantly each burgess loon
In armour gude[14] wad through the toon
The Bailies tend;
While wi' the drums the fife's loud soun'
Wad shrilly blend.

"Nae drucken carter then dared keep
A horse,[15] a cow, or yet a sheep,
Till he wad prove that he could reap
Grass o' his ain,
Which would the pest grim Hunger sweep
Frae his domain.

"Now on your streets some carters drive
Brutes that seem mair dead than alive;
Rank ne'er-do-weels that canna thrive,
Wha frae their backs
The verra sark for drink will rive,
The senseless packs.

"And now what are your Bailies, pray,
Compared to those o' my young day,
In point of weight? I grant they may
Their duties ken,
But still they should at least outweigh
Twa ither men.

"For weel we ken that fat men hate
Disturbance baith in kirk and state,
And rather wad out o'er a plate
O' gude meat hang,
Than listen ony blether-skate
Rave a harangue.

"'*As fat's a bailie*,' is a phrase
That has descended to your days,
Yet things as slim as win'le straes
Set up their noses,
Where eighteen stane men used to blaze
Like full blawn roses.

"I grant there were nae steamboats then,
Nor railways o' which ye're sae vain,
But men had gude shanks o' their ain
On which they'd tramp
Wi' fearless stride o'er hill and plain,
Or boggy swamp.

"But noo-a-days, whene'er men think
O' gaun frae hame, tho' for a blink,
The birkies, heedless o' their clink,
In some steamboat
Will stow themsel's to smoke and drink,
As on they float.

"And when they reach their resting-place,
O! how Fatigue stares from each face;
Ye would amaist conclude a race
They'd run, an' mair;
Or been wi' Kelburne[16] at some chase
O' fox or hare.

"That wasna your forefathers' plan,
As o'er their hills and vales they ran
On brawny limbs, wi' pride to scan
The wond'rous power
Which lives alike in mystic man
And simplest flower.

"Yes! science has progress'd, I know;
But has mankind progress'd? Ah! no;
Upon his meals Want oft will throw
Her visage wan,
The gloomiest and sternest foe
Ere scowl'd on man.

"Simplicity in food and dress
Your fathers sought, I must confess;
But bright-eyed Health mak's ony mess
A banquet seem,
For frugal fare wi' Happiness
Is Pleasure's cream.

"Nae winter cam' without its store
O' meal and beef, and cheese *galore*,
Which aye kept hunger frae the door
A lang Scotch mile,
And wad frae nights wi' cranroch's hoar
The hours beguile.

"Now *Friday*[17] stares on many a *pock*
As empty as a pointless joke,
Where mice in dozens might convoke
A county meeting,
To prove how hard Oppression's yoke
Lay on their eating.

"Yes! science has advanced; yon sky,
Where lightnings sweep and meteors fly,
By man's keen philosophic eye
Has been explored,
Where countless orbs proclaim from high
Great Nature's Lord.

"The trackless ocean has been won,
And made subservient to man's son;
The deep mine's treasures that would shun
The glare of day,
Are dragged before the glorious sun
For mere display.

"But where is he whose cunning hand
Sheds lustre on his native land,
Can from the smelted mass command
The cheering plough,
Or glittering gem that smiles so bland
Frae maiden's brow?

"Too oft in Poverty's cold vale
He breathes the deeply tainted gale,
While round him flit, like spectres pale
On Fancy's wing,
The woes that on Life's verge prevail,—
That age will bring.

"And can your morals be compared
Wi' those wha my douce presence shared?
Na! Paisley wi' its simple guard
O' honest men,
Had far less fash to get things squared
Than now, I ken.

"Thieves, and a class that I'll no name,
Wha's brazen fronts ne'er blush'd wi' shame,
Infest your verra streets, and claim
Each passer's gaze,
And gain by sinking the foul fame
That vice aye pays.

"But modest decency attended
Your fathers, who with prudence blended
The sweets and bitters comprehended
In Nature's plan,
As cannilie their way they wended
Through Life's brief span.

"A rogue or limmer might be seen
Within the town, but to convene
In crowds, as he that has his e'en
May nightly see,
Wad hae alarm'd the worthies clean
Wha cherish'd me.

" The solemn Sabbath days langsyne
Wad bring out ane and a' to join
In sacred orisons divine,
To Him whose power
Gives light to yon bright orbs that shine
Through Night's lone hour.

" A' doors were steekit on that day,
Even fools laid bye their laugh to pray,
And doucely wad the young and gay
Each ither greet,
While nane but doctors wad assay
To walk the street.

" Now Sunday morn's nae sooner in,
Than every street roars like a linn,
And mid the wild uproarious din
Such oaths we hear,
As will frae douce folk's een gar rin
The bitter tear.

" And when at last the deep-toned bell
Breaks on the ear, its solemn knell
Calls thousands to the fields, as well
As to their prayers,
While ithers seek for those wha sell
Gude *Aqua* wares.

" Nor do men blush for sic-like deeds ;
Na, almost every body reads
The papers publicly, nor dreads
The pastor's tongue,
Wha's words were as sae mony creeds,
When I was young.

" But a' things change, as ye may see,
And sae, I trew, it fared wi' me ;
Night swallows Day, and Morning's e'e
Will scatter Night,
Wha in her turn awa maun flee,
When Noon's in sight.

" Content's a plant that seldom grows
On this bit globe, yet proud man knows
By sad experience many woes
He might escape,
If underneath its smiling boughs
His course he'd shape.

" ' *Let weel alane*' is little heedit,
The future's far too seldom dreedit,
Or fegs the blockheads that decreed it,
I should come down,
Wad better in their minds hae weigh'd it,
I'll bet a crown.

" Changes are lightsome, some folk say,
So your toon guard was swept away,
And in its place a queer display
O' chiels now tread,
Wha maun be last in every fray,
They're sae ill bred.

" And they wad ornament the toon,
And so began to tak' me doun,
But ere anither steeple crown
Your streets, ye'll see
They'll be in Death's arms sleeping soun'
Wha banish'd me.

" I wha for centuries had stood,
A monument of how the good
And great of former ages would
The helpless shield,
By finding for the aged food,
And a warm bield. [13]

" I told you that my birth I drew
Frae auld St. Rollock's kirk, and you
Wha seem to ken what faith is due
To what I say,
May aiblins my lang tale review
Some future day.

"Weel, ye may to your townsmen tell,
That when St. Rollock's chapel fell,
The Council thought 'twould be as well
The stanes to tak',
And wi' them where ye ken yoursel'
An almshouse mak'.

"And to adorn it me they made,
And both of us were undecayed
When thoughtless coofs in office bade
My gawcy frame
Be swept into eternal shade;
O! burning shame.

"My bells, for I had twa, nae mair
Proclaim aloud the hour of prayer,
My *yaumer youl*,[19] which used to share
Ilk mourner's sigh,
Forgotten in Hope Temple fair
Has ceased its cry.

"My ither bell was ta'en awa
To Linwood, but I winna blaw
O' it, for 'tis a standing law,
Ye'll understan't,
That naething can be counted braw
That's second han't.

" And I must whisper in your ear,
That verra bell hung mony a year
In the cross steeple, and to wear
What's no ane's ain
Is hateful, and I own gaed near
To turn my brain.

" And yet I must confess the bell
Did weel eneugh, but I may tell
You what the clinking thing befel
Amang the spinners;
They made it ring its ain death knell,
The precious sinners.

" The cock that used to ornament
My head, was to *Hope Temple* sent,
Where *yaumer youl* and it has spent
Full thretty years,
And where at night are aften blent
Our burning tears.

" Thus was I doom'd, almshouse an' a',
To be by piece-meal ta'en awa,
And where I stood a goodly raw
O' buildings rise,
Wha's ashlar fronts nae doubt seem braw
To modern eyes.

"But can they mak' a steeple now?
Na, faith! an' yet I own 'tis true
They mak' brick lums as heigh, that spue
As muckle reek
In ae day, as wad hide frae view
Stars for a week.

"The windmill that in Whitehead's yard
Sae lang the toon's attention shared,
Was steeple-like, ye'll own, compared
To thae lang things
That to the pouch o' their ain laird
Sic treasure brings.

"Yet it like me was ta'en awa,
And Seedhills now can naething shaw,
Except perhaps a mill or twa,
For meal an' thread,
An' dyeworks, where by Dyer's law
Whites are made red.

"They've deepened Cart too, but nae ship
Will e'er in its *broad* waters dip
Her buoyant sides; but yet a trip
Ye now may tak',
An' doun as far as Bullford[20] slip,
An' may be back.

"Your braw new course, where gallant steeds
On nimble shanks perform sic deeds
As prove the pureness of the breeds
Your sportsmen rear,
Will mak' even Ayr folk hing their heads,
And sackcloth wear.

"I own that formerly our races
Resembled mair ill managed chaces
Than sharp contests; yet happy faces
Wad come to see them,
And, heedless of their awkward paces,
Weel pleased wad lea' them.

"But then the Bailies a' were there,
(An' gawcy roun made men they were,)
In their state dresses to declare
To every ear,
What horse the sillar bells[21] wad wear
Till the neist year.

"Before them march'd a goodly raw
O' officers wi' red coats braw,
An' halbards poised to drive awa
Fat men's inferiors,
Wha might perhaps o'er closely draw
To their superiors.

" But now-a-days your Bailies gang
To the race course, an' mix amang
The many-coloured gaping thrang,
And nane will ken
A Bailie now, or else I'm wrang,
Frae ither men.

" Their sun o' dignity has set,
The verra Bailies' seats they've let,
An' godly men see wi' regret,
Where Bailies sat,
Chiels wha in Council never met,
Nor e'er were fat.

" Thus every thing's been chang'd, you see,
An' aiblins they may yet decree,
That Cart an arm is o' the sea,
I wunna doubt it,
An' banish those, as they did me,
Wha dare dispute it.

" But I maun stop, the stars grow pale,
The howlets soon maun hamewards sail,
An' ere Night has withdrawn her veil
I maun be where
The balmy breath o' Morning's gale
I canna share.

"An' yet; but no, it canna be,
I maun awa, the Morning's e'e
Will soon reveal hill, vale, an' tree
To human sight.
Sae, fareweel, oh! keep min' o' me,
Gude night, gude night."

In haste I turn'd my head to gaze
Upon the sprite, when thro' the haze
That hangs on Morning's verge a blaze
O' new born light
I' the east was struggling to erase
The gloom o' Night.

But o' the ghaist ilk trace had fled
That wi' its tale sae lang had fed
Mine eager ears, sae I right sad
For its brief stay,
Arose, an' dauner'd hame to bed
Doun the Hut Brae.[22]

NOTES.

[1] Mr James Gibb, proprietor and keeper of the Commercial Inn, at the Cross of Paisley.

[2] Mr William Urie, a respectable confectioner near the Head of the New Street.

[3] (Page 5, line 5 from the bottom.)—There was no dial on the north side of the "Wee Steeple."

[4] Mr Smith was once a publisher and bookseller in Paisley; he is at present preparing for the press an antiquarian description of that town. He has much local information, and is much given to controversial disputation on the antiquities of our *gude town* in his waking moments.

[5] The ghost in Hamlet says, "But soft, I 'gin to scent the morning air."

[6] St. Rollock's Chapel stood near the Head of Castle Street.—*See Preface.*

[7] Mr Robert Simm, feuar, Wellmeadow Street. He is well known in town and country as the possessor of many rare and valuable Scottish coins, among which is a shilling of David I., in excellent preservation. The articles alluded to in the text he is ever ready to show to any individual who calls on him.

[8] The "Wee Steeple" and Almshouse were built of the "stanes, timber, and sklates," taken from St Rollock's Chapel.—*See Preface.*

[9] The Rev. Patrick Brewster, one of the Ministers of the Abbey church, well known throughout Scotland for his unflinching adherence to the cause of Reform.

[10] Mr Thomas Barr, present tacksman of the Bowling Green.

[11] Goatfell, in the Island of Arran, is distinctly visible from several places in Paisley, particularly from the Bowling Green, and the battlements of the High Church Steeple.

[12] The West Port was situated near the foot of Orr's Square.—*See Preface.*

[13] 1601, Octobr 15.—Sellers of aill, refusing to sell aill to a neebour when they had it to sell, were ordained to pay the price of a gallon to the Bailies and Town Council.—*Town Council Records.*

[14] 1618, July 27.—St. James' Day Fair held: a great number who had been warned did not attend, who were fined; also several who attended, but without their armour, were also fined.—*Town Council Records.*

[15] 1612, April 30.—No persons to keep horse without it is known to the Bailies that they have grass of their own to feed them on.—*Town Council Records.*

[16] Lord Viscount Kelburne, celebrated alike for his intrepidity in the chase, and the sociableness of his habits when the sports of the day are over.

[17] It is proverbial in Paisley, of a certain district in the *immediate vicinity* of that town, that no "*lum reeks* after ten o'clock on Friday morning till after warehouse hours on Saturday."

[18] 1612, April 30.—The quhilk day it is appointed, ordained, and concluded by the Bailies and Council, that St. Rollock's Kirk shall be taken down, and the stanes, timber, and sklates thereof employed, and bestowed in the building of ane Hospital in Thomas Inglis's yard-head, at the west end of the house and tenement inhabited by John Barbour, the ground whereupon to build the same with a reasonable yard thereto, the said Thomas Inglis is content to give and dispose of his own free-will. And therefore the Bailies and Council have concluded that the same kirk be taken down, and the Hospital built and furnished in all materials upon the Town's expences.—*Town Council Records.* 1613, Jany. 29.—The quhilk day it is appointed and agreed upon be Thomas Inglis, ane of the said Bailies and hail persons of Council present for the time, that the stanes of St. Rollock's kirk be brought down to the said Thomas's yard-head, where the Hospital should be built and workmen fee'd to that effect, and that lime be bought and brought home for the building thereof.—*Town Council Records.*

[19] *Yaumer youl* acquired its name by being always rung when a burial was passing the *Wee Steeple*, when one of the inmates of the Almshouse would come, hat in hand, to the front of the building, and receive an *awmous*, commonly threepence, from one

of the persons attending the funeral. It now hangs in Hope Temple, and over it still stands its *auld neebour* the cock of the Wee Steeple.

[20] Bullford Bridge crosses a small stream a few yards above where it falls into the Cart. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

[21] The silver bells are still run for every year; they bear date 1620.

[22] West Brae street is still called by the older inhabitants of the town the Hut Brae.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS,

Spoken at his Anniversary, 25th January, 1839, in the House of Mr Charles Hood, Linwood—Mr James Reid in the Chair.

Apollo struck his lyre one day,
A tone forsook the skies,
And on the morning's earliest ray
To earth it downward flies;
It chanced that morn,
Fate said shall be
To Scotland born
A bard of high degree;
Swift from the skies the glorious mandate flew,
And Ayr's famed coast the Envoy kept in view.

The stirring tone, by Doon's fair stream,
Had wak'd the echoes round,
And Scotia heard well pleased the theme
Which mingled with the sound;
It spoke of one,
Whose powers of song,

While Time would run,
Fleet echo would prolong,
Till earth and ocean, in chaotic gloom,
Find in creation's wreck, an everlasting tomb.

Surprised to hear Apollo's lyre,
The Envoy wondering gazed,
And as the sound his thoughts inspire,
His eyes he upwards raised,
And o'er a cot,
Of humble mien,
There seemed to float,
By men unseen,
The Muses nine, and in their train attending
The Graces, who with flowers each laurell'd crown was blending.

Astonishment gave place to joy,
When from the cottage came
The first faint accents of a boy,
Whose manhood gave to fame
A louder blast,
O'er earth to blow,
Than all the past
Had to bestow.
It rung o'er every land in tones sublime,
The peasant Burns has triumphed over time.

Unseen the messenger drew near
To where the infant lay,
And breathed unheard a prayer that ne'er
Would in his breast decay,
The sacred fire,
Which at his birth
A heavenly lyre
Lent to cold earth;
But that in future years his strains would rise
On music's buoyant wings, and mingle with the skies.

So breath'd the seraph, as it rose
On its aerial wing,
To seek again the loved repose
A life of peace will bring;
Through liquid air
It wends its way,
Rejoiced to share
A cloudless day
In climes, where love and harmony would join
Around eternal years, eternal joys to twine.

Time hurried on, and hopes and fears
Arose and fell by turns,
As mirth would raise, or burning tears,
Depress the soul of BURNS,

Th' oppressor's wrong
His soul would spurn,
The proud man's scorn
He would return,
In tones which made Oppression stand at bay,
And writhe beneath the smart his glowing lines convey.

He strikes the Patriot's stirring chord,
And Bruce assumes command;
He calls, and hell's dark dreaded lord
Appears at his command;
'Mid spectres slim
His pipe he blows,
While corpses grim
With lights disclose
A motley group of hags on broomsticks prancing,
And 'mid unholy sights, to devil's music dancing.

But when of gentle love he sung,
The fairest leaned to hear
The tones which from his silvery tongue
Would steal from joy a tear;
His highland maid,
His bonnie Jean,
By BURNS arrayed,
Stands each a queen,

Whose name to future times will proudly shine,
'Mid the undying fame which, BURNS, encircles thine.

But who can speak what BURNS has done?
Great Nature was his guide—
He sung the glories of the sun,
The blushes of the bride;
The mountain grey,
The painted flower,
The opening day,
The midnight hour,
Live in his bright, his glowing lines by turns,
And Scotland claims the bard, and Nature claims her
BURNS.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS,

Spoken at his Anniversary, 24th January, 1840, in the House of Mr. Charles Hood, Linwood—Mr. Hood in the Chair.

Scotsmen! we're met to celebrate
A name even distant lands hold dear,
Whose varied genius dared create
What wakes our mirth, or claims a tear.
Tho' bred within a "turfen bield,"
His eye the vast creation scann'd;
And Nature to his sight revealed
Her features stern—her features bland.

Around the peasant's lowly shed
With truth his magic hints he threw;
The tyrant on his thorny bed
His daring hand sublimely drew;
The *daisy* gemm'd wi' morning's dew
He saw beneath his ploughshare lie,
And from its fate a moral drew
Pregnant with truth's unfading dye.

The rose, upon its thorny tree,
  Waves sweeter when we list his sang;
And on his deep-toned minstrelsy
  The graces in attendance hang.
The mountain grey, the pathless sea,
  The steep-down torrent's dashing force,
Youth sporting on a flowery lea,
  Age tracing sorrow to its source,

Live in his glowing lines, and tell
  The rapt emotions of his soul,
Which proudly rose on music's swell
  Beyond cold leaden earth's control.
Edina's towers live in his song,
  Clyde's winding shores confess his pen;
Doon gently glides his lines among,
  And Ayr's twa brigs converse like men.

On man his "Twa Dogs" moralize,
  As glibly as they had been bred
Beneath some sage, whose learned eyes
  The human heart had deeply read.
He saw a mouse's slender nest
  Swept on before November's blast,
And words in pity's tear-drops drest
  On time's eternal page he cast.

When laughter-loving mirth inspires
His fitful pen, do we not laugh?
When gude Scotch drink his bosom fires,
Wha wadna wi' his bardship quaff?
When hell's grim hordes, on mirth intent,
In haunted Alloway convened,
Why BURNS his *Tam o' Shanter* sent
To note the movements of each fiend:

And horror-giving sights were there,
Such as bauld Tam alone could tell,
Mid lights which on the murky air
Gleam'd horribly—a mimic hell.
Nannie, robed in a cutty sark
O' Paisley harn, lap, danced, and sang,
And o'er the brains o' Burns's clerk
Her soul bewitching cantrips flang;

For Nannie's half-hid charms stole o'er
Tam's senses, who enraptured saw
The latitude which fools explore,
When poaching on the moral law.
Rapt visions of forbidden joys
Upon his heated fancy broke;
When fearlessly, amid the noise
Of revelry and unsunn'd joke,

He bawled out "weel done cutty sark;"
When sudden as the lightning's gleam
Kirk Alloway was left as dark
As sullen Lethe's turgid stream.
With whip and spur Tam takes the road,
But what could whip and spur avail,
When such like kelpies were abroad,
In saving of his grey mare's tail?

But let us change the scene to love,
And BURNS delights to revel there;
And oft the stirring chords that move
Our warmest hopes, or claim our care,
Drop from his pen like seraph sounds
At eve when winds have died away,
And raise the soul beyond the bounds
Prescribed to man's inferior clay.

Whate'er he names lives in his song—
The good, the great, the fair, the gay—
The stream that glides our vales among,
The new-born morning's earliest ray.
Our hills that overlook the storm
He takes and bends them to his will;
The blue-eyed maiden's faultless form,
Whose smile bids angry rage be still,—

All find in his creative mind
A germ that never will decay,
Till Time his office has resigned,
And seeks repose in endless day.
Then when we meet to celebrate
A name that dark oblivion spurns,
Let heart and tongue reverberate,
With honest pride, the name of BURNS.

WALLACE'S GRAVE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. ROBERT WALKER, ELDERSLIE, THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THE HERO.

"FATHER! I've been where the graves are green,
In the lone churchyard on the hill,
Where the dark yew-trees o'er the tombstones lean,
And all around is still.
I saw the graves where good men sleep,
And I turn'd my head and sighed,
And I hid my face in my hands to weep,
When I read how children died.

"I thought on the past, and a wish arose,
That I might live to see
The grave where Wallace's bones repose,
Whose sword set Scotland free."
"Alas! my son," the father replied,
"The hero ne'er found a grave;
Afar from his native vales he died
By the sword of a tyrant knave.

"The heart that ne'er quailed when a foe was near
Was torn from his lifeless frame;
And the tongue that the patriot's soul could cheer,
Ceased to urge on to deeds of fame.
His mangled remains were exposed to the gaze
Of those who his falchion fear'd,
Who with frenzied delight rent the air with huzzas,
When in chains the brave Wallace appear'd.

"The cold winds of night o'er his naked limbs swept,
As gory and black'ning they hung;
And warm were the tears Caledonia wept,
As the dirge of her hero she sung.
The eagles with joy o'er his noble form
Their blood-stain'd pinions would wave;
And the owls would sweep on the breast of the storm,
To gorge on the flesh of the brave.

"But Liberty deep has engraven his name
On the hearts of the brave and the free,
And Time, in his course, is extending his fame
To the isles of the farthermost sea.
His deeds are entwin'd in our loftiest rhyme,
His name to our country is dear;
His fate, though it covers proud Edward with crime,
Still wrings from a Scotsman a tear."

YOUTH.

Youth, ah! radiant is thy morning,
But 'twill soon be past;
Rosy cheeks and smiles, believe me,
Will not, cannot last.

Time, with unfelt hand is stealing
All your bloom away;
Love delighteth not in wrinkles,
Nor in locks grown grey.

Transient are our dearest pleasures,
Seize them as they rise;
Clouds will often dim the glories
Of the brightest skies.

So o'er life's gay dreams unbidden
Care's dark thoughts will spread;
Thorns may spring up, where but lately
Flowers their fragrance shed.

Autumn quickly wraps green summer
In his yellow hair;
Age is pressing hard on youth-time,
On the wings of Care.

Spring-time is Hope's fairest season,
Youth is manhood's spring—
Manhood's brow speaks lusty summer,
Autumn cares will bring.

Leafless winter, cold and cheerless,
Bounds our latter days,
And beneath the snows of eighty
Hope itself decays.

Ah! then improve your cloudless mornings,
Yesterday is past;
Some to-morrow will, believe me,
Rise and set your last.

BENEATH OLD OCEAN'S WAVES.

"Wine drowns more than the sea."

Beneath old Ocean's waves
How many thousands sleep!
Yet still the seaman braves
The rude imperious deep,
Tho' oft o'er some bold messmate he
Must sing a farewell lullaby,
A farewell lullaby.

But what are those who lie
Beneath the restless sea,
Compared to those who die
O! rosy wine, by thee?
The magic glass that circles thee
Oft wakes the orphan's lullaby,
The orphan's lullaby.

If underneath the deep
Thousands their breath resign,
In tens of thousands sleep
In death, the slaves of wine,
Then from its presence let us flee,
And sing with joy wine's lullaby,
With joy wine's lullaby.

THERE ARE DAYS.

THERE are days, there are hours, when the heart is sad,
But we know there are hours when the heart is glad:
There are nights when the soul leaves the regions of care,
And revels in bliss like a thing of the air,
And the eye speaks the transports within.

A cloud may o'ershadow the glorious sky,
But we know from the past that the sunshine is nigh;
The winds may run riot on sea and on shore,
Why let them, the storm will the sooner be o'er,
And our vales smile in gladness again.

So cares may o'ershadow the mind, it is true,
And fall on our joys like December's cold dew;
But Hope's cheering beams will pervade the thick gloom,
And Fancy's bright tints the dark future illume.
And the sunshine of peace gild the scene.

Then give unto care what to care, we all know,
The wisest of men order'd us to bestow—
A full flowing glass of the pure *mountain dew*.
And smiles will soon brighten his features, I trew,
And the dreams of despondency die.

REST! LADY, REST!

Rest! lady, rest! now the danger is past,
My dwelling is near, and yon mountain's the last
That rises between us and those who will ne'er
Turn their back on a friend, or a foeman's sword fear.
My war-steed is weary, but never again
Will it wince at the spur, or submit to the rein;
But free as the winds will its future life be,
For it bore me from danger to safety and thee.
Rest! lady, rest!

Rest! lady, rest! see yon glorious sun
Has still a fourth part of his journey to run;
And ere his chin rests on yon ambient sea,
The home of my sires will a home be to thee.
Your kindred may boast they will level my towers;
Let them boast, but resolve and performance are ours;
Their swords may be sharp, but M'Gregor's right hand
The boldest in Lennoxdale dares not withstand.
Rest! lady, rest!

Long rested the lady; but ere day was done
M'Gregor the hall of his fathers had won,

Where, amid smiling welcomes, the way-weary maid
Saw danger and fear in security laid:
A minstrel, forgetting his locks had grown grey,
From his silver-ton'd harp struck a soul-stirring lay;
And Joy twined with mirth th' auspicious night closed,
While locked in Love's arms the fair lady reposed.
Rest! lady, rest!

THE THISTLE.

"Nemo me impune lacesset."

Proud thistle! emblem of the land
Where dwell the brave and free,
No foreign sword will e'er command
The soils that honour thee.

The rose may boast its crimson hue,
And claim a maiden's care;
The lily, gemm'd wi' morning's dew,
May deck that maiden's hair.

But, "touch me not," thy form implies,
Flower of our ain countrie;
Whoe'er to stain thy honour tries,
Should mind "impunity."

Then, Scotsmen! guard your thistle well,
Meet emblem of the brave;
It still has rung your foeman's knell,
It ne'er waved o'er a slave.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Ah! where is the land o' my birth?
Ah! where are old Scotia's hills?
Where health, rosy health, strays securely with mirth,
By her clear, by her murmuring rills.

Afar o'er yon fathomless sea,
Where winds o'er the rude billows sweep,
Reposing in peace lies the isle where the free
The vigils of liberty keep.

There Wallace inscribed on his foes
The marks of a patriot's brand;
There Bruce raised the thistle above the proud rose,
And banished red war from the land.

There Burns woke the magical lays
Which music has twined around Time,
And Nature triumphantly points to the bays
He wove on the loftiest rhyme.

Yes! Scotland, though cold is the blast
That winter spreads over thy wave,
Thy sons round their hearths sing the days that are past,
And rejoice in the deeds of the brave.

And though the Atlantic now roars
Between the loved valleys and me,
In dreams of the night I revisit thy shores,
And my first waking thoughts are of thee.

ADDRESS TO BRUCE.

[On the day after the Battle of Bannockburn, the keys of Stirling Castle were, according to treaty, delivered up to King Robert the Bruce. The inhabitants of Stirling are supposed to welcome their King with the following lines.]

He comes! he comes! and our foes have fled,
Or sleep their last sleep on a gory bed;
He comes! and the clouds that o'ershadow'd our land,
Are lost in the blaze of his matchless brand.
On Bannockburn's banks stretched the foeman's array,
And fierce was their shout as they rushed to the fray,
But Bruce met the shock, as a rock meets the sea,
When winds vex the deep—and Scotland is free!

Proud Edward had marshall'd his troops from afar,
And thick o'er our land rolled the dun clouds of war;
His banners were waving, his warriors were gay,
And bright shone their arms in the sun's golden ray:
But Scotland arose in her might, and her foes
Were gather'd in death ere the evening's close,
And Bannock's pure stream, as it glides to the sea,
Is red with the tide that sets Scotland free.

He comes! he comes! and the rose looks pale,
In the land of its birth there are weeping and wail,
And long must they wait who expect the return
Of those who dared Bruce on thy field, Bannockburn.
Then hail to the land where the thistle still waves,
Unsoil'd by the touch or the presence of slaves,
And despots now know from the past, that while we
Have a Bruce, and our swords, old Scotland is free.

THE VALES OF BRAEMAR.

I've thought on thee, Scotland, where date trees are growing,
I've talked of thy worth in fair India's clime,
I've sung in thy praise where the Ganges is flowing,
Through vales where the summer is always in prime;

And if 'mid these scenes, on the mild breath of e'ening,
The pibroch's shrill tone waked the echoes afar,
In fancy I saw in my father's convening
The friends I had left in the Vales of Braemar.

And now when among thy steep mountains I wander,
Or lean with delight by the murmuring streams,
I love on the days of my youthtime to ponder,
When life's rosy morn lent a charm to my dreams;
For there o'er the brown heathy hills where I sported,
Arose the bright glories of Hope's golden star,
And blythe was the smile of the maiden I courted,
Ere fate led my steps from the vales of Braemar.

And still thy proud mountains remain in their glory,
Despite the rude winds or the thunder's loud roar.
But where are my friends? They exist but in story,
And, ah! will revisit these valleys no more;
And soon to Oblivion's dark shadows descending
To me death's cold hand will the portals unbar,
Which lead to that bourne where no cares are impending,
O'er those who find graves in the Vales of Braemar.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O! place me at e'en by my ain fireside!
The winds then may sweep, and the rains then may fa',
By my ain fireside I can laugh them awa.

Though simmer is cleeding our valleys wi' flowers,
And love strays unseen through our woodlands and bowers,
By my ain fireside ye will fin' me at e'en,
Aye ready wi' pleasure to welcome a frien'.
My ain fireside, &c.

When Winter on wings o' the wind issues forth
From the darkness and dens o' the cauld icy north,
If he tak's but ae glance at my fireside, I trew,
He maun aff, his cauld cranreuchy beard to renew.
My ain fireside, &c.

When roun' my warm ingle auld comrades convene,
Though the snaw's on our heads, yet the fire's in our e'en,
Which the tales o' our youth will convert to a blaze,
To brighten wi' joy the decline o' our days.
My ain fireside, &c.

Then gi'e me at e'en, in my gawsy arm-chair,
The smiles o' the frien's o' my youth-time to share,
And age on my brow may plant wrinkles a score,
Still I'll laugh, aye and sing,—Can a young man do more?

My ain fireside, &c.

A THUNDER STORM BY NIGHT.

See! 'tis gone! it was the lightning's flash
That shot athwart the gloom its lurid light;
The mountains stood reveal'd! hark! what a crash!
The earth shakes underneath it with affright,
And echo roars around with all her might;
In cataracts the furious rain descends,
And heaven's convexity, now shining bright,
Anon o'er earth the deepest gloom extends,
While thunder's awful voice the vexed welkin rends.

Again! mark'd you yon vessel on the brine,
Whose sails in sluggish folds lay on the mast?
A moment darkness did her prey resign,
And now in tenfold gloom the earth is cast!

Ha! what a din! the boldest stands aghast,
And inly prays the elemental war
With all its dread magnificence was past;
Nor longer with sulphureous vapours mar
The azure vault of light where floats each little star.

But, hark! a breeze now creeps along the hills,
And moans among the trees surcharged with rain:
Yon twinkling star the soul with gladness fills,—
A harbinger to man that soon again
The storm that in its wrath swept hill and plain,
Would soon to smiling skies its jarrings yield,
That brawling brooks the deluged fields would drain,
And earth and air with harmony be filled,
And thoughtless men forget that thunder e'er had peal'd.

O! TRIM TO ME MY LIGHT CANOE.

O! TRIM to me my light canoe,
That I may stretch away,
To meet upon the waters blue
Young Morning's sweetest ray;
For dearly do I love to sail
Upon the pathless sea,
When summer's balmy winds prevail
O'er the wide waters free.

The land may boast its heathy hills,
And flowers of varied dye—
Its woody vales, where limpid rills
Reflect the azure sky;
But give to me the deep blue sea,
Upon its breast to roam,
Where I may be a rover free,
Amid its dashing foam.

The sea-bird's cry will glad mine ear,
As o'er the waves I go;
My tiny bark I'll fearless steer,
Where restless waters flow;
My song will mingle with the gale,
And still my themes shall be,
The rosy dawn, when stars wax pale,
My shallop and the sea.

WERE I ON THE HEATHY HILLS.

Oh! were I on the heathy hills
That rise aboon the Stanley lea,
And wandering by the crystal rills,
Where, Mary, first I courted thee.

There Mem'ry would recal the hours
I aft would spend at e'ening's fa',
To twine for thee a wreath o' flowers,
The flowers o' Caledonia.

Here golden groves in every vale
Attract the stranger's wondering eye,
And gorgeous flowers perfume the gale
Which wantons o'er a cloudless sky.
But what's to me the richest flowers
That ever graced an Indian isle,
If discontent pervade its bowers,
And dim youth's unsuspicious smile.

Will golden groves, or glowing skies,
The heart's affections e'er enshrine,
If gentle love the charm denies,
Which waked the joys I felt langsyne?
Then, Scotland, tho' thy heathy hills
Aft lie beneath a sheet o' snaw,
In fancy I still seek the rills
That glide near Stanley's castle wa'.

THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

The land of our fathers, the land of the brave,
The land where invaders have still found a grave—
The land of the thistle, the mountain, and vale,
With pride I thy beauties exultingly hail,
As I stray by thy clear murmuring streams.

They tell us of lands where the orange-tree grows,
And talk with contempt of our hawthorns and sloes;
They forget that our maids cherish rosier smiles
Than e'er graced a flower in fair India's isles,
Though their hills and their valleys be green.

Fair Liberty finds in our valleys a home,
And Love o'er our mountains delighteth to roam,
While Friendship and Faith lend to confidence charms
Which drive from our bosoms cold doubting's alarms,
And spread round our cottages peace.

Then hail to the land where the thistle is seen,
Entwin'd 'mong the flowers that encircle our Queen:
And should foemen e'er dare to disturb her repose,
They will find that the thistle, the shamrock, and rose,
Will her safeguard in danger arise.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience always is saying,
O! think on the days that are past,
Ye ken that your frame is decaying,
D'ye think ye are fated to last;
Your cry has been constantly, Pleasure,
And aft at her door ye will ca',
But say, did she e'er stan' the measure
Your fancy the wanton would draw?
O! she is fause, fause,
O! she is fause and fickle,
And they wha will follow her footsteps,
Will fin' she is fause and fickle.

But Hope never minds what is passing,
Na, votes that the past is a bore,
And thoughtlessly would be amassing
The pleasures that aye keep before;
But poor human nature is ready
To swear that such labour is vain,
For Pleasure is wond'rous steady
Her start in the race to retain.
O! she is fause, &c.

Then, if from Experience we borrow
The wisdom that regulates Hope,
The tints she will spread on to-morrow
Will never the truth overtop;
And Hope, kept in due moderation,
To life lends its powerfullest charm,
And will every idle vexation
Assuredly check and disarm.
O! she is fause, fause,
O! she is fause and fickle,
Unless to Experience we link her,
We'll fin' Pleasure fause and fickle.

BEAUTY.

What wakes the poet's lyre?
'Tis beauty;
What kindles his poetic fire?
'Tis beauty;
What makes him seek at evening's hour
The lonely glen, the leafy bower,
When dew hangs on each little flower?
O! it is beauty.

What melts the soldier's soul ?
'Tis beauty ;
What can his love of fame control ?
'Tis beauty ;
For oft amid the battle's rage
Some lovely vision will engage
His thoughts, and war's rough ills assuage :
Such power has beauty.

What tames the savage mood ?
'Tis beauty ;
What gives a polish to the rude ?
'Tis beauty ;
What gives the peasant's lowly state
A charm which wealth cannot create,
And on the good alone will wait ?
'Tis faithful beauty.

Then let our favourite toast
Be beauty ;
Is it not king and peasant's boast ?
Yes, beauty !
Then let us guard with tender care
The gentle, th' inspiring fair,
And love will a diviner air
Impart to beauty.

THEY TELL ME THERE ARE BRIGHTER SKIES.

They tell me there are brighter skies
Beyond the roaring sea,
Than o'er the hills and valleys rise,
Auld Scotia, of thee.

They tell me of gay sunny vales,
Bestrew'd with richest flowers,
Where Nature in her pride unveils
The magic of her powers.

But, Scotland, tho' thy hills are drear,
And bleak thy wintry day,
Around thy hearths still freemen cheer
The patriot's stirring lay.

And Independence walks in pride
Upon thy heathy hills,
Where Freedom fearless strays, where glide
Thy pure, thy limpid rills.

Thy hills, old Scotia, have by turns
Seen Wallace and seen Bruce,
And echo'd to the songs which Burns
For Scotland did produce.

And in thy wild romantic vales
Are fairest maidens seen,
Whose laughing eyes oft tell the tales
They listened to yestreen.

Our fathers sleep beneath the sod,
Where gowans gently wave,
They left us vales where never trod
A tyrant or a slave;

And we will to our sons transmit
The rights to freemen due,
That they, while round their hearths they sit,
May teach their children too.

THE PAST.

The past! where is it?—past,
And with it many a woe;
The future it is coming fast,
But if as friend or foe
Time only can reveal,
Which nothing will conceal.

The past!—let Age declare,
If youth-time's sunny hours,
When life seemed fresh and fair,
And wreath'd with richest flowers,
Had not its hopes and fears,
And sometimes too its tears?

The past!—fond Mem'ry may
With pride the joys recal,
Which brighten'd life's young day,
And hope was all in all;
But Mem'ry too will bring
Scenes which the soul will wring.

The past!—it is a dream
On which dark shadows lie,
And if a transient gleam
Shoots through its lurid sky,
It quickly disappears
Behind a flood of tears.

The past!—Eternity
Alone defies the past,
Systems and suns will be
In dark oblivion cast;
But ne'er shall cease to be,
Dark, vast, Eternity!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star of descending night!
Lovely and fair,
Robed in thy mellow light,
Subtle and rare;
Whence are thy silvery beams,
That o'er lone Ocean gleams,
And in our crystal streams
Dip their bright hair?

Far in yon liquid sky,
Where streamers play,
And the red lightnings fly,
Hold'st thou thy way:
Clouds may envelope thee,
Winds rave o'er land and sea,
O'er them thy march is free
As thine own ray.

O! DOOL ON THE DAY I WAS BORN.

I'm weary wi' wand'ring, yet daurna gang hame,
Though my heart it is sair and my feet they are lame,
For I stole out unseen frae my father's yestreen,
And brawly he'll ken where my journey has been;
O! dool on the day I was born!

I gaed to meet Jamie, the pride o' our hills,
Wha's heart is mair pure then Glenfruin's pure rills;
His eyes are like slaes, and his teeth like the snaw,
And his smile is the sweetest that ever I saw;
O! dool on the day I was born!

But Jamie is poor, and my father's a laird,
An' he's proud o' his weel stockit mailin and yaird,
An' he wants me to wed wi' a silly auld man,
Wha might be a father to my auntie Ann;
O! dool on the day I was born!

I whiles think my mither wad pity my case,
For a tear dims her e'e as she leuks in my face;
But she speaks na ae word to console me, I trew,
Na, hints that a child to a parent should boo;
O! dool on the day I was born!

But Nature ne'er gave unto parents the power
To lengthen the lives of their children an hour,
Nor did she ordain that each grey-bearded knave
Should make of his offspring a tool or a slave;
O! dool on the day I was born!

My love is my ain, and I'll nurse it for those
In whom this warm heart can in safety repose;
And tho' frae these glens Fate ordains I should flee,
I'll ne'er be frae hame, Jamie, wand'ring wi' thee;
O! dool on the day I was born!

THE SEA! THE SKY!

The sea! the sky! the hills! the vales!
Are dearer far to me
Than midnight halls where mirth prevails,
And the wine is circling free.

There envy lurks in laughing eyes,
There care stands ready by
To mar the mirth which pleasure buys,
And wring from her a sigh.

But on the Ocean's boundless shore
The soul unchained may rise
Beyond where daring eagles soar,
And mingle with the skies;

Or, on the mountain's shaggy side,
When stars are waxing pale,
And Morning spreads her blushing tide
O'er moor and woody vale;

'Tis there the soul will rise sublime,
On love's bright pinions borne,
And revel in the golden prime
Of Summer's radiant morn.

Then give to me the hills, the vales,
The sky, the pathless sea,
Where I may breathe untainted gales
'Mid Nature's harmony.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Bright bow! no compass ever drew
Thine arch, which distant hills subtend;
Bright bow! thy tints of varied hue
No limner's hand so well could blend!

From off the billow's foamy crest
I've seen thy magic beauties rise,
And, spurning Ocean's bed, would rest
Thy glorious summit on the skies.

Upon the land thy giant stride
Sweeps o'er old earth's eternal hills,
And Nature sees thy form with pride
Reflected in a thousand rills.

Within thy span the eagle's flight
Is bounded by thy faultless form,
And clouds, beneath thy dizzy height,
Sweep on before the whirling storm.

With rapture would old Noah gaze,
When o'er Ararat's rocky head
He first beheld thy golden rays
Amid the rolling vapour spread.

And still when o'er the deep blue sky
The phantom clouds unfold their veil,
With joy men see thy form on high,
And Nature's glorious wonders hail!

REASON v. HOPE.

Reason tells us we should never
Trust young Hope's gay dreams,
For she is an arch deceiver,
Simple though she seems.

Cloudy may arise our morning,
Yet Hope's magic hand
Noon and eve will be adorning
In a hue more bland.

Hope will strew with countless pleasures
Youth-time's onward way ;
Sad Experience only treasures
What's enjoyed to day.

Present blessings we should ever
Tend with gentlest care ;
Promised pleasures we may never
Be allowed to share.

Life's a troubled pool where sorrow
Mingles with our joy,
Yet Hope tells us that to-morrow
Will our cares destroy.

Trust her not, she will deceive ye,
Youth will pass away,
Cares and pleasures will, believe me,
Share our latest day.

O! WERE I ON THE WIDE, WIDE SEA!

O! WERE I on the wide, wide sea!
Where restless billows play,
Where the winds sweep o'er the waters free,
And the seaman's roundelay
Calls from the crew the loud huzza
Which cheers them on their watery way.

Upon the land where cities rise,
And men in masks appear,
Deceit assumes the simple guise
Which Truth alone should wear;
And 'mid the sound of revelry
Care plants unseen her thorny tree.

But on the Ocean's liquid breast
I find myself at home,
And ride with pride the billows' crest,
Disporting 'mid its foam,
And smile when o'er the briny deep
On nimble wing the wild winds sweep.

Then I will hail the deep blue sea—
The music of its roar!
Meet emblem of Eternity,
Where Time exists no more!
Where ceaseless ages pass away,
Bounded by an eternal day.

O! WAFT ME TO THE FAIRY CLIME.

O! waft me to the fairy clime,
Where Fancy loves to roam,
Where Hope is ever in her prime,
And Friendship has a home;
There will I wander by the streams
Where song and dance combine,
Around my rosy waking dreams
Ecstatic joys to twine.

On Music's swell my thoughts will soar
Above created things,
And revel on the boundless shore
Of wrapt imaginings.
The rolling spheres beyond earth's ken
My fancy will explore,
And seek far from the haunts of men
The poet's mystic lore.

Love will add gladness to the scene,
And strew my path with flowers;
And Joy, with Innocence, will lean
Amid my rosy bowers.
Then waft me to the fairy clime
Where Fancy loves to roam,
Where Hope is ever in her prime,
And Friendship has a home.

LINES

WRITTEN ON READING IN THE PAISLEY ADVERTISER OF JANUARY 5, 1839, AN ACCOUNT OF M. GAUDIN'S NEW LIGHT, WHICH IS CALCULATED TO BE 30,000 TIMES BRIGHTER THAN COMMON GAS-LIGHT.

GAUDIN! withhold thy hand; what! shall we ne'er
Look on a little twinkling star again?
Will thy *extinguisher* obscure the chair
Where Casiopia amid the train
Of shining constellations holds her reign?
Must darkness vanish from the midnight sky,
And Night perceive the bright moon rise in vain?
The wandering comets will unnoticed fly,
If thy invidious light with day's bright glories vie.

The Great and Little Bears will disappear
If thy sun rise when Nature's sun retires;
Arcturus and his sons no more will cheer
The sage who through his telescope inquires
What subtle element sustains the fires
Which in the mazy depths of ether roll!
Day has its sun, 'tis true; but what inspires
The soul with vision's sense cannot control,
Like gazing on the orbs which circling mark each pole.

Fy, Gaudin! how will maids their blushes hide
When they confess a lover's suit is won?
Fowls will forget to roost, men to decide
If day has ended or has but begun;
Owls, bats, and mice, poor things, will be undone,
For darkness better is to them than light;
Gas-men and chandlers to despair will run,
If, Gaudin, you are as mischievous quite
As take from mother Earth the benefit of night.

I TWINED A WREATH.

I TWINED a wreath for my Jeanie's hair
Of the roses red and the lilies fair;
I pu'd them when wat wi' the morning dew,
And bound them with flowers of the richest hue;

But there's not a lily in a' the lan'
Has a hue sae fair as my lady's han';
And the rose's blush will never compare
Wi' the bloom that brightens her features fair.

I bought her a ring of the purest gold,
And her eyes revealed what her tongue ne'er told;
I kissed her fair cheek, and I felt the sweet pain
Which I hope in my breast will for aye remain.
Now Winter may come in his cold icy car,
And winds with our mountains wage incessant war,
By my ain fireside wi' my Jeanie I'll stay
Till summer suns drive hoary Winter away.

THE FAIRY KING.

A WEE, wee man cam' to our toun en',
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
An' he sang sae sweet that the hale o' our men
Lap aff their looms the carle to see.

His cap was red an' his breeks were green,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
An' his jacket the shortest that ever was seen,
An' the queerest colour you ever did see.

His nose was flat as the back o' my han',
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
An' his feet wad hae covered an acre o' lan',
Yet his boots cam' up o'er the lid o' his knee.

His e'en were grey, without ony white,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
An' his teeth were black as the middle o' night,
When the moon has forsaken the countrie.

His legs were bow'd as the half o' a hoop,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
An' his arms were sae lang he ne'er needit to stoop,
For he picked up preens without bending his knee.

He laugh'd, and the hale o' the men o' our toun,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee,
Lap out o' their wits and fell down in a swoon,
The fient o' them had the power to flee.

He sang, and they sprang to their feet in a crack,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
Now what I relate is a notable fact,
For I was sleeping when I did it see.

He play'd them a jig, and the dancing began,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
And he led them to where a big water down ran,
Where he douked them till they were like to dee.

This queer wee man lap up on a hill,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee,
An' he open'd his mouth like the door o' a mill,
I hope sic a mouth I will ne'er again see.

But thunder ne'er gied sic a terrible roar,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee,
As when he announced that the dancing was o'er,
An' bade them fareweel, then awa did flee.

Weary and wat our men cam' hame,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee,
An' swore the wee man was surely to blame
For using sic freedoms in ony countrie.

Ye'll won'er what cam' o' this wee, wee man,
Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fum, fee;
He bought a green coat, an' to fairy lan' ran,
An' now he's the king o' that countrie.

YE'RE FAR FRAE HAME.

"Ye're far frae hame, my Jeanie, love,
At e'ening's lonely hour;
Your father will be sad and wae
To miss his fairest flower.

The wind sweeps o'er the misty hills,
The rain fa's on the lea,
And mirk will be the coming night
To gentle maid like thee."

"The winds may sweep, the rains may fa',
The roads be drear and lang;
But they'll ne'er wring a tear frae me,
They never did me wrang.
O! weel, weel, Jamie, do ye ken
The errand brought me here,
And if ye're false, may my first sleep
Be on a cold, cold bier.

"This heart, when first we met, was light,
It ne'er had harbour'd care;
But golden smiles and honied words
Have placed a canker there.
Ye may forget the thrilling vows
Ye made to me langsyne;
Ye may forget the night I own'd
This heart was wholly thine;

But I will ne'er forget the hour
When, 'neath the moon's pale beam,
Ye own'd that heart a richer dower
Than e'er bless'd miser's dream.

And yet—but no ! I need not tell—
Your own heart can reply,
A weary wanderer may find rest,
The broken-hearted die."

ZEPHYR AND THE ROSEBUD.

A ROSEBUD gently waved its head,
Wet with the morning dew,
Young Zephyr o'er the garden sped
Its new blown tints to view.
Its leaves with pearly dew were drest,
'Mid which a sunbeam lay,
Which kissed from off its rosy breast
The crystal gems away.

Noon came, and Zephyr heard the flower
Beneath its splendour sigh ;
But Pity brought at evening's hour
Fresh nectar from the sky.
Within the rose's drooping frame
The pearly dew-drops glide,
And Zephyr can again proclaim
The rose the garden's pride.

The moonbeams gently kissed its head,
And left their image there;
The wind around its fragrance spread,
To charm the balmy air;
And still tho' Day may sip the dew
Which sober Eve bestows,
Returning Night comes to renew
The beauties of the rose.

WILL I NE'ER SEE MY JAMIE AGAIN?

Will I ne'er see my Jamie again!
Will his bark never ride in our bay!
It's a year since he made me his ain,
And he sailed frae these shores the neist day.
I ken that my Jamie is true,
An' he ne'er lov'd anither but me,
And his smile to my soul was as dew
To the flowers on a sun-parched lea.

When a sail in the offing appears,
My breast scarce my heart can contain;
For hope rises whiles o'er my fears,
And whispers "ye'll see him again;"

But treacherous rocks rise between
The far distant Indies and me,
And Death often wanders unseen
On the wide, on the fathomless sea.

Oh, Fate! should you never again
To my arms my loved Jamie restore,
I will steal out at e'ening alane,
Where rude billows rave on yon shore.
I will mingle my sighs with their sound,
I will mingle my tears with their spray;
And the rocks will re-echo around
The name which I'll cherish for aye.

O! GIVE ME THE EAR.

O! GIVE me the ear that is deaf to the ills
That the slanderer's tongue has in store;
And the eye that the moisture of pity distils,
When the good and the great are no more.
O! give me the tongue that disdains to repeat
What Envy so glibly will tell,
But responds to our joys when in friendship we meet
Round the board, Care's dark thoughts to dispel.

O! give me the heart that can bleed for the woes
That another is fated to feel;
And the hand that on penury freely bestows,
Yet the gift will as nobly conceal;
Give me these, and I vow on my journey through life
Care ne'er will a sorrow impart,
If Nature bestow on my friend and my wife
Such an ear, such a tongue, such a heart.

O! BRING TO ME MY LYRE.

O! BRING to me my lyre, lady,
O! bring to me my lyre;
Dark shadows flit across my soul,
And cheerless thoughts inspire.
Its tones once told of love, lady,
But love's gay dream is past;
Ah! transient were those fleeting joys,
Too heavenly far to last.

An angel's bliss, we're told, lady,
Angels alone can know,
My own frail nature oft has felt
The extremes of bliss and woe.

Deceit may wear a smile, lady,
From which distrust will fly;
And honey'd words escape the lips
Between which sin may lie.

Yes! Mary's vows to me, lady,
Were mix'd with burning tears,
And love diffused through my rapt frame
The joys of countless years.
But falsehood stained her troth, lady,
O! bring to me my lyre;
I'll sound it to more pleasing themes,
Or mid its tones expire!

A TEE-TOTAL SONG.

My wife and I, when we were wed,
Had routh o' every thing we needit:
Our meat and claes we duly paid,
And landlord's visits never dreadit,
Morn cam', an' wi' the lark we raise,
An' eidently we toiled together,
While blythe Content learned in our hame
That Industry was Plenty's mither.

Night cam', and ere we gaed to rest
We sat an' talk'd o' prospects cheering,
Syne found in slumber's silken faulds
The joys to labour sae endearing.
To keep the weans baith clean and tight
Was aye my thrifty wifie's pleasure,
An' on their buiks she'd "targe them tight,"
Whene'er she had a moment's leisure.

Respect did aye our steps attend,
Our weel won gear was aye increasing;
Nae morning rose without its joys,
Ilk e'ening brought wi' it a blessing.
But, waes my heart! that I should tell't,
A neebour lad set up a change-house,
An' O! it had been weel for me
If I had made it still a strange house.

But I wi' mony mae gaed there,
To hear an' tell some elishmaclavers,
An' cracks, ye ken, without a gill,
Are fushionless lang-winded havers.
An' things just a beginning need,
An' sae it fared wi' our carousing,
For soon it turned, frae ance a week,
To a hail week o' downright bousing.

Night cam', an' at the club we met,
We aye grew fonder o' each ither ;
Each gill fresh disputation brought,
To settle which we ca'd anither.
Morn cam', and found us in our beds,
Wi' parched tongues and three-fourths crazy,
Wi' bluid-red eyes, and aching heads,
An' spirits sair depress'd an' hazy.

Wark gaed a-hin', our hard won gear
Took wings, and we had nought to live on :
Our credit dwindled wi' our claes,
An' left us emptiness to grieve on :
Our bairns, frae being trig and braw,
Turn'd ragged, lean, and heedless creatures,
Our vexed wives laid by their smiles,
And discontent possest their features.

I saw the wreck that I had made,
And often cursed my reckless folly,
While aft I swore I'd be reformed,
And give up drinking spirits wholly.
Yet still at night I'd to the club,
To hear what news my friends had gathered,
Where ae glass o' the ruin "*blue*"
Me in the magic circle tethered.

At length Remorse cam' to my aid,
And mildly sketch'd my late condition,
And urged me to forsake the ways
Which lead directly to perdition.
A retrospective glance displayed
My wife an' weans, ance bien and happy,
Now to the brink o' ruin brought,
Because I wadna want the drappie.

Conviction flash'd across my mind,
A sense o' shame stole slowly o'er me—
A film dropp'd from my eyes, I saw
The loathsome way that stretch'd before me.
I fled—I sought my ruined hame,
I call'd on stern resolve to aid me,
And from that hour I ne'er touch'd drink,
Nor will again till judgment fade me.

My house again is clean and trig,
My wifie has resumed her smiling,
My weans are every thing I wish,
And I ne'er tire o' honest toiling.
Then learn frae me, ye thoughtless fools,
Wha think ye're happiness pursuing,
To seek it at your ain firesides
By doing as I now am doing.

O ! SWEETLY SINGS THE MELLOW THRUSH.

O ! SWEETLY sings the mellow thrush
In Hawkhead's woods sae fair and green,
But sweeter were the words that fell
Frae my dear Mary's lips yestreen.
The pearly dew ne'er safter fell
On new blown flowers at e'ening's hour,
Than did the vows steal o'er my soul
She breath'd within yon rosy bower.

The moonbeams kissed her glowing cheek
As in my faulding arms she lay,
A crimson blush suffused her neck,
Like Autumn morning's earliest ray :
The gentle winds crept o'er her form,
And sigh'd to leave the hallowed bower,
And from their wings a fragrance shed,
The gift of many a painted flower.

My thrilling heart wi' pride did beat,
Mine eye the tears o' joy distill'd,
When on her lips I seal'd the vows
Which my rapt soul wi' transport fill'd.

Ambition's fools for wealth may strive,
And still the phantom Fame pursue;
My highest aim's a cozy bield,
If, Mary, it is shared wi' you.

GANG HAME TO YOUR LINGLES.

Gang hame to your lingles, John Sharp, John Sharp,
Gang hame to your lingles, John Sharp;
The de'il blaw me south
If your unhallowed drouth
Winna bring you to ruin, John Sharp.

The never a Monday, John Sharp, John Sharp,
The never a Monday, John Sharp,
E'er comes but ye're fou
Wi' some vile roaring crew
Wha ha'e naething o' man but the shape, John Sharp.

Your wife's at hame greeting, John Sharp, John Sharp,
Your wife's at hame greeting, John Sharp;
For there's nought in the house
That wad fatten a mouse,
Na! the verra flees shun it, John Sharp.

The snaw's on the grun', John Sharp, John Sharp,
The snaw's on the grun', John Sharp,
An' your bare-footed weans
Creep alang the plane-stanes
Just like pictures o' winter, John Sharp.

Just leuk at Tam Sim, John Sharp, John Sharp,
Just leuk at Tam Sim, John Sharp;
He's bien an' he's braw,
An' his sark's like the snaw,
While yours is a' tatters, John Sharp.

It's never o'er late, John Sharp, John Sharp,
It's never o'er late, John Sharp,
To reform and be wise;
So tak' my advice,
And never drink whisky again, John Sharp.

That man is a fool, John Sharp, John Sharp,
That man is a fool, John Sharp,
Wha wasteth his all,
An' wha's fireside is caul',
While the landlord's is beaming wi' comfort, John Sharp.

Dame Nature sends water, John Sharp, John Sharp,
Dame Nature sends water, John Sharp;
And mankind would still
Drink frae Nature's pure rill,
If vice hadna clouded his senses, John Sharp.

Gang hame then and drink, John Sharp, John Sharp,
Gang hame then and drink, John Sharp,
Frae the clear crystal spring,
And your house will soon ring
To the tune o' the knife and the fork, John Sharp.

THE LOVE-SICK MAID.

The love-sick maid, the love-sick maid,
Ah! who will comfort bring to the love-sick maid!
Can the doctor cure her woe
When she will not let him know
Why the tears incessant flow
From the love-sick maid?

The flaunting day, the flaunting day,
She cannot bear the glare of the flaunting day;
For she sits and pines alone,
And will comfort take from none,
Nay! the very colour's gone
From the love-sick maid.

The secret's out, the secret's out,
A doctor has been found, and the secret's out;
For she finds at e'ening's hour,
In a rosy woodland bower,
Charms worth a prince's dower
To a love-sick maid.

ADDRESS TO APRIL.

April! thy showers, they say, bring Summer flowers;
It may be so, but yet thy showers are cold,
And icy winds sweep through thy leafless bowers,
Which chill the energies of young and old:
Wide spreading snows the heathy hills infold,
The plains are bleak, and muddy are the streams;
Dark clouds in masses o'er thy skies are roll'd,
Through which the day-star looks in fitful gleams
On winter-weary earth, with cold and cheerless beams.

And yet thou hast thy charms: thy shady nooks
The modest primrose ushers to the day,
The daisy from amid the stubble looks,
And harbingers the flowery month of May—
The crocus, too, smiles o'er the parterres gay.

The lark with cheerful song salutes the sky,
And as it warbles forth its grateful lay
The brawny farmer to his toil will hie,
And give to earth the seeds which Autumn's fruits supply.

And Hope grows with thy growth, for Summer suns
But wait thy taking leave to glad our plains;
And o'er our heads with giant speed Time runs,
Heedless of proud man's pleasures or his pains:
And soon upon the bare and bleak domains
O'er which thy biting winds triumphant sweep,
Each grove, each woody glen where silence reigns,
Will into lusty life and vigour leap,
And man walk forth with joy gay Summer's gifts to reap.

Yes, April! tho' thy winds are thin and cold,
And frosts and snows still linger on thy hills,
We love amid our gardens to behold
The blossoms which with hope the bosom fills:
And as we stray beside our gurgling rills
Anticipation will portray the days
When Summer's balmy breath the joy instils,
Which wakes the grateful heart to love and praise,
And blends with Nature's sweets the poet's heartfelt lays.

THE ROSY EYE OF MORN.

The rosy eye of morn
Spreads light, and life, and joy;
The huntsman winds his horn,
And night's dark shadows fly
Away! away! away!
The hills and vales with smiles are drest,
The larks on fleecy cloudlets rest,
To hail the star of day.

Then haste, let us repair
To yonder flowery lea,
To breathe the balmy air,
And wake with minstrelsy
The echoes of our glen;
On Zephyr's wing our strains will rise,
And music fill the ambient skies,
Beyond the listener's ken.

But, mid our tuneful joys
O! may we ne'er forget
That life has its alloys,
That mirth in grief may set,

And tears chase smiles away;
That joy, unless to prudence join'd,
Is to extravagance oft blind,
And may in sighs decay.

WHISKY PUNCH.

Whisky punch, they say, drinks weel,
Foul fa' the drinking o't;
But will it fill a hungry chiel?—
Foul fa' the drinking o't.
Will it make us happy here?
Will it hame or life endear?
Will it stay the starting tear?—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!

See yon thoughtless ragged thing,
Foul fa' the drinking o't,
Wha in his cups assays to sing—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
In praise o' what will from his back
The verra coat and sark too tak',
And place his conscience on a rack—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!

See his cauld and hungry hame,
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
Where sit the fiends Remorse an' Shame,
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
Wringing from his aching breast
Sighs which speak a mind opprest
Wi' horror language ne'er express't—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!

Misery's the drunkard's lot,
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
On Nature's page he lies a blot—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
Terror haunts his waking dreams,
With true joy his eye ne'er beams,
On his breath rank poison steams—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!

Then let us with one accord,
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
Arise and sweep from off our board,
Foul fa' the drinking o't!
The poison'd, the envenom'd thing,
That to disgrace mankind would bring,
And o'er its wreck in triumph sing—
Foul fa' the drinking o't!

WOULD YOU PAINT BONNY SCOTLAND.

Would you paint bonny Scotland, let her thistles be waving
In Summer's profusion o'er woodland and lea;
Let her brown heathy hills the rude winds be seen braving,
And proudly let bourgeon fair Liberty's tree.
Let stern Independence preside o'er her mountains,
Let Peace o'er her soil in security roam;
Let Innocence fearlessly stray by her fountains,
And smiling Content in her vales find a home.

Let her sons in the mild bonds of friendship be banded,
Her foes will remember that sacred's her soil;
For Wallace and Bruce her bright fame have expanded
Beyond the wide seas that encircle our isle!
Let love, gentle love, fill each breast with affection,
Let her maids 'neath their smiles cherish hearts that are true;
Let their innocent mirth mingle joy with reflection,
And exercise robe them in health's rosy hue:

And then you'll paint Scotland, whose sons have for ever
Stood first among those who have dared to be free;
Who taught to proud Rome, in her glory, that never
Would Scotsmen submit to a tyrant's decree.
Then hail to thee, Scotland! though Winter is flinging
Her cold icy blasts o'er thy mountains sublime,
Future bards to their sons of thy fame will be singing
The strains that will perish when perishes Time.

THE PARTING HOUR!

The parting hour!
Let those who know it tell
If aught in this bleak world has power
To ring a sadder knell
O'er the fond hearts that hopeless mourn
The friends that never may return.

The parting hour!
The bridegroom has been known
To follow to the grave the flower
He thought to call his own,
And give to the cold earth the maid
To whom his earliest vows were paid.

The parting hour!
The child of tender years
May, ere the clouds of sorrow lour
Upon its hopes and fears,
Seek in insensate dust a home
Where cares and sorrows never come.

The parting hour!
It is not death alone
That o'er our transient joys hath power,
And wakes our cheerless moan:
How often will the briny tide
Friends who have dearly loved, divide!

The parting hour
May fill the heart with pain,
But Fate has written in her dower,
We all will meet again,
Co-mingling in the mighty maze
Which Time, interminable Time displays.

HE LED ME WHERE THE BURNIE ROWS.

He led me where the burnie rows
Through Levern's bounie vale;
He breath'd into mine ear Love's vows,
And I believed his tale;

He praised my een o' bonny blue,
And syne my raven hair,
Then from my lips he stole the dew
Which weel my lips could spare.

He urged me sair to name the day
I would to him resign
My heart and a' my hopes so gay,
And he would aye be mine.
Mine eyes, he saw, would have said—*yes*,
Tho', from my tongue fell—*nay ;*
He smiled, and wi' a balmy kiss
Charm'd a' my fears away.

AE BONNY EEN.

Ae bonny e'en, when fields were green,
And I was mair than happy,
I slippit out, ye needna doubt,
To buy mysel' a drappie.
Chance led me where some billies rare
Their copper trash were birling;
Sae I sat down, till through the town
The watchmen "*twa*" were skirling.

Wi' lightsome glee ilk sparkling e'e
  Wi' social love was beaming ;
The liquor gude soon fired our bluid,
  As round us it gaed streaming.
Wi' laugh and sang the rooftrees rang,
  A' selfish thoughts forsook us;
Ev'n wrinkled Care sank in despair,
  Nor dared to overlook us.

From every lip keen Wit let slip
  Her arrows, sharply pointed,
Which on the heart fell like a dart,
  And peevish Spleen disjointed.
Cold Prudence fear'd, as loud we cheer'd,
  That Mirth had turned to Madness,
But Mirth will ne'er her standard rear
  Within the wa's o' sadness.

Then when at e'en sworn frien's convene
  To moistify their leather,
Let social glee light up each e'e
  As round the board they gather;
And rosy Joy, without alloy,
  Will mingle in their glasses
The love that warms, and spreads such charms
  Around our bonny lasses.

A-DOWN YON GLEN A ROSE TREE GROWS.

A-DOWN yon glen a rose tree grows,
'Twas planted by my Jeanie, O!
And aft wi' her, at e'ening's close,
Beneath its shade I lean me, O!
For there, on Fancy's airy wing,
While wi' my only dearie, O!
Kind Love will to my bosom bring
The joys that I'll ne'er wearie o'.

The flowery glades, at early dawn,
To me impart a pleasure, O!
As blythely o'er the dewy lawn
My morning's march I measure, O!
But give to me the gloaming grey,
Wi' Jeanie's form sae slender, O!
And I'll forget that Morn's away,
As 'mang the flowers I tend her, O!

Then haste away, thou flaunting Day,
And send to me the E'ening, O!
That I may wi' my Jeanie stray
Where pleasures are convening, O!

And underneath her ain rose tree,
While balmy winds are gliding, O!
Sae blythe and happy's we will be,
In mutual love confiding, O!

I'VE SEEN THE SUN AT EARLY DAWN.

I've seen the sun at early dawn
Smile o'er yon flowery lea;
I've seen the lark spring from the lawn,
The new-born light to see;
I've seen the rose a' wat wi' dew
Its blushing sweets unveil,
And I have seen Health change her hue
O'er Pity's mournfu' tale.

But what are these, tho' rich and rare,
If love the charm denies,
Which pours balm on the thorns of Care,
And bids young Hope arise?
The flowers that deck our summer fields,
'Neath Winter's blast will lie;
But love a living fragrance yields,
Which ne'er shall fade nor die.

Then give to me the moonlight hour,
When balmy winds prevail,
To lead to yonder rosy bower
Young Helen o' the dale,
And Wealth may o'er her golden store
With dark misgivings lie—
Give me the smile—I'll ask no more—
That lights my Helen's eye.

MY BRAW NEW GOWN.

O! FOUL befa' the flattering loon
That cam' yestreen to see me;
He sairly cress'd my braw new gown,
Nor wad for telling lea' me;
Yet I opposed wi' a' my skill
His mair than friendly pressing,
And tried, though sair against my will,
To flee his warm caressing.

CHORUS.

I'm wae to see my braw new gown,
My spik-an'-span new printed gown,
Sae cress'd an' press'd; as for the rest
Atweel I could forgi'e the loon.

My minnie says that I should aye
Be hame before the e'ening,
But she's in Winter, I'm in May,
And ne'er tak up her meaning;
For when the bonny moonlight hour
Is trees and flowers revealing,
Nae hame's sae sweet's a rosy bower,
When Love's fond pledge we're sealing.
I'm wae to see, &c.

And now I mind when we came hame
That Jamie plainly tauld me
He'd twine wi' mine his dear loved name,
And wi' it aye infauld me.
So I'll ne'er grudge to cress a gown
When I am wi' my Jamie,
Wha for ae kiss ga'e sic a boon,
An's ne'er again to lea' me.
Then I'll gae buy anither gown,
A spik-an'-span new silken gown,
Which though he press, and me caress,
I ne'er again will ca' him loon.

SONS OF A HAPPY LAND.

Sons of a happy land,
  Why will ye roam
To foreign lands for happiness?—
  It flourishes at home.
Bright tho' their woodlands rise,
  Will they impart
The joy that spreads like rainbow dyes
  O'er the contented heart.

Cold tho' the breezes sweep
  O'er Scotia's strand,
Her sons still Freedom's laurels reap,
  With a resistless hand.
Love 'mong our heathy hills
  Tells her fond tale,
While sweetly by our crystal rills
  We breathe mild e'ening's gale.

Far in a southern clime,
  Where citrons grow,
The summer may be aye in prime,
  So may the fruits of woe.

Then o'er Atlantic waves
Ah! never roam;
Fly not where stretch your fathers' graves—
Nor leave your Scottish home.

THE WINTRY WIND.

The wintry wind blaws loud and chill
Out o'er Ben-Lomond's tap sae hie;
And ice-bound is the crystal rill
Where, Mary, aft I've met wi' thee.
Tho' hills are white wi' drifting snaw,
Yet to the uplands I will steer,
To spend an hour, or maybe twa,
Wi' ane that to this heart is dear.

The glowing flame that warms my breast
Will light my steps across the moor;
A smile frae her that I lo'e best
Will a' the ills o' Winter cure.
Her balmy breath will beet the flame,
And mak' me shorter think the way;
Her faulding arms will be the hame
From which I winna stir till day.

The flowers that grace our simmer fields,
Tho' fair, are not so dear to me
As are the joys her bosom yields,
That I'm gaun o'er the moor to see.
The rich, within their gilded ha's,
For proud Ambition's gifts may pine;
I'll be content, whate'er befa's
Within a cot, if Mary's mine.

WHEN EVENING IS SPREADING.

When Evening is spreading her shadows around us,
And winds from the north o'er our leafless plains blaw,
We'll sit round the hearths where Affection has bound us
To Friendship and Love, till cauld winter's awa';
And when by our ingles o' simmer we're singing,
On Fancy's light wing to our woodlands we'll stray,
While o'er us the roof-trees and rafters are ringing
The tones that our glens will re-echo in May.

How saftly the winds creep alang our steep mountains,
When simmer's bright sun has awakened the flowers!
How gently the streams steal awa frae our fountains,
To wander amang our gay woodlands and bowers!

Then Hope weaves the charms that arise on life's
morning,
Like visions of bliss on the time-stricken seer,
And fain would our dark future hours be adorning
With tints that must fade with youth's fast fading
year.

Yet Winter has charms that we view with emotion,
When round the warm hearth we assemble at e'en,
To recal the bright hours, when, with fervid devotion,
On Love's wreathed smiles our affections would lean;
And tho' its rude breezes may rave round our dwelling,
And spread on our mountains the thick drifting snaw,
Our mirth will the dirge of its fury be knelling,
And chase with affright hoary Winter awa.

WHEN ROUND THE HEARTH.

When round the hearth at e'en we sit,
To weave the sang or stocking, O!
The blythsome hours will o'er us flit
Wi' speed that's most provoking, O!
On nimble wing Time sweeps alang,
When merry hearts are in the ha',
But if Care's meshes we're amang,
How swear't's the loon to gang awa!

When hearts and hands are firmly knit,
And mirth excites our laughter, O!
Wha frae the board would wish to flit,
Wha's heart wadna turn safter, O!
And when amid the laughing din
The sang arises cheery, O!
The stars wi' watching may turn blin',
But we will ne'er turn weary, O!

Then when around the board at e'en
The glass is swiftly gliding, O!
Our cares will to the winds be gi'en,
And Pleasure be presiding, O!
And tho' Time drives wi' railway speed
The hours when we're convening, O!
We'll steal frae rosy Morn a screed,
And eke it to the e'ening, O!

I FILLED MY CUP.

I FILLED my cup with rosy wine,
I drain'd the goblet dry,
And brighter glowed its sparkling shine
Than maiden's liquid eye.

I called on Care to taste the joy
My wine-cup can bestow,
And Care became a laughing boy,
And quite forgot his woe.

The fool may on the ruby lip
The richest nectar see,
But if he will the red wine sip,
He'll sing aloud with me,
That underneath a balmy kiss
A poison'd sting may lie,
While rosy smiles proclaim the bliss
That lights the tippler's eye.

Tho' Time may on our glossy hair
The snows of winter throw,
The sunny hours of life we'll share,
Despite its ebbing flow.
And when around our festive boards
The wine is circling free,
We'll sing the juice the grape affords,
"*Wi' a' the honours three.*"

THE BONNY MOON.

The bonny Moon has raised her head
O'er Cathkin braes, sae I must go
To where the woods o' Pollok spread
Their leafy shade, to meet my Joe.

CHORUS.

O! dearly do I love my Joe,
My leal, light-hearted, bonny Joe,
Through foul or fair, it mak's na where,
I gang wi' pride to meet my Joe.

Life has its ills, we a' allow,
And ilka body has his share,
But Love is to the heart the dew
That warms the cauldrife smiles o' Care.
O! dearly, &c.

My mither speir't, wi' prying e'e,
Where I frae hame sae late wad go;
I tauld her Time would let her see,
And hurried aff to meet my Joe.
O! dearly, &c.

The rose at e'ening's dewy hour
Is fair, but not so fair as she
Wha's smile to me's a richer dower
Than wad the wealth o' Pollok be.
O! dearly, &c.

The winding Cart aye gentler glides
When murm'ring thro' the flowery lea,
Where in a cot my Jeanie bides,
Wha comes wi' smiles to welcome me.
O! dearly, &c.

The rich may on my humble lot
A smile of cold contempt let fa';
Gi'e me my Jean, on whom I doat,
And I'll ne'er seek a lordly ha'.

CHORUS.

And I'm content when wi' my Jean,
My leal, light-hearted smiling Jean,
I'm free frae care,—wha can say mair?
When in my arms I fauld my Jean.

LINES WRITTEN FOR MRS. PATON'S ALBUM.

I've listen'd to the blackbird's sang,
At e'ening's lonely hour;
I've heard the larks the clouds amang,
When dew lay on each flower;
And I have heard in many a ha',
When merry hearts were there,
The minstrel's music rise and fa'
Upon the liquid air.

But woman's voice, when tuned to love,
Is dearer far to me
Than a' the music of the grove,
Or minstrel's melody.
I've seen the flowers at morning tide
Spread o'er the dewy vale;
I've seen the rose, the garden's pride,
Its blushing sweets unveil.

But what are flowers, tho' gemm'd wi' dew,
Wi' a' their varied dye?
Or what's the Morning's azure hue
To lovely woman's eye?—
A flower that's ever in its bloom,
A gift sent from the sky,
A light man's darkness to illume,
In woman's virtues lie.

THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

In youth how delightful to wander at e'ening,
And whisper love-tales to the maids we adore,
Or when round the board friends with friends are convening,
On Fancy's gay pinions with light hearts to soar;
Then Life seems a garden resplendent with roses,
O'er which gentle Hope spreads her gaudiest hue,
Where Joy fills the day, and at e'ening reposes
On dreams which blythe Morning delights to renew.

But ah! the dark clouds that obscure the horizon
Which bounds the brief space that's allotted to man,
Are hid in the blaze of Youth's hopes, but will rise on
The years that are destined to wind up his span;
For then the dark surges that Time will roll o'er us,
Will mingle our sweets with the poisons of Care:
Even Joy will look pale at the prospect before us,
And Hope's golden dreams be dissolved in air.

The friends of our youth among strangers will leave us
To pine 'mid the joys of the young and the gay,
And Mem'ry will picture Life's morning to grieve us
With thoughts of the time when our Winter was May.

But yet 'mid those cares still one comfort remaineth
To cheer lonely man on his desolate way:
In the grave dreamless Sleep o'er the time-weary reigneth,
Where Age finds repose, nor feels manhood's decay.

BRIGHT EYE OF THE MORNING.

Bright eye of the Morning! whose glories resplendent
Pervade the dark shadows of starry-crown'd night:
Bright eye of the Morning! whose glories transcendent
Wrap mountain and vale in a flood of pure light;
On light pinions soaring the larks hail thy coming,
And pour on our valleys a spring-tide of song:
While maidens on tiptoe thy praises are thrumming
In tones that fleet Echo delights to prolong.

The mists leave the vales and retire to the mountains,
The pale rayless moon seems ashamed of its stay,
The sun's golden beams dip their light in our fountains,
And flowers 'mid their tears smile night's shadows away.
Then haste to the grove ere the mild tints of Morning
Are lost in the glories of Day's fervid star,
And seek, by the streams that our vales are adorning,
The sweets Nature twines around Health's rosy car.

The city may boast of its splendour and riches,
And proudly its gaudy profusion display;
But give me the charms with which Nature enriches
Our vales when young Morning reposes in May;
The wide-spreading landscape, where mountain and river
Exult in their strength, let my feet wander o'er,
And Art's boasted gifts from affection I'll sever,
As proudly I Nature's rich treasures explore.

THE FUTURE.

We value not the past,
Its joys and griefs are fled,
Nor will the present last,
But with a noiseless tread
Glides unperceived away,
After a moment's stay.

Hid in the womb of Time,
Dark veiled the future lies,
Nor can the Poet's rhyme
Unfold its mysteries.
In its unfathom'd deep
The fate of empires sleep!

Ocean, and Ocean's caves,
Bleak, parch'd, and waste may lie,
And each rude hill that braves
The warm or frigid sky,
Some future year may hide
Beneath the briny tide.

The vast empyrean dome,
Where suns and stars display
The glories of their home,
They too will pass away,
And in chaotic gloom
Order may find a tomb!

But from Confusion's bed
Order again may rise,
And o'er creation spread
New suns, new stars, new skies,
And plant o'er hill and plain,
Light, life, and love again.

I SOUGHT THE GLEN.

I SOUGHT the glen at e'ening's hour,
At e'ening's hour, at e'ening's hour,
I sought the glen at e'ening's hour,
To meet my ain dear Jean.

The moon was hanging in the east,
The flowers wi' pearly dew were drest,
Ilk little bird had sought its nest,
And I sought my ain Jean.

And soon beneath the trysting tree
A maiden's form attracts mine e'e,
Whose smile brought tears of joy to me,
For O! it was my Jean.

My step was light, for weel I knew
My lassie's heart was leal and true,
And purer than the rose's hue
The cheeks were o' my Jean.

Her skin was rosy, red, and white,
Her lips like rubies dipt in light,
Her eyes lent lustre to the night,
For peerless was my Jean.

Wi' speed I to my lassie flew,
And round her waist mine arms I threw,
And mony guileless vows, I trew,
I breath'd that night to Jean.

But Time, wha lags when lovers wait,
Wi' lightning's speed aye taks the gait,
And o'er the rosy hours elate
Drives when I'm wi' my Jean.

Yet still when gloaming veils the sky,
And mists upon our mountain's lie,
To Calder's fairy scenes I'll hie,
To pass an hour wi' Jean.

THE ROSY HOURS OF SPRIGHTLY YOUTH.

The rosy hours of sprightly youth
Are wreath'd with flowers that pass away;
The furrowed brow can tell what truth
Lives in the dreams of Life's young day.
Youth seeks beneath a cloudless sky
The charms that Hope delights to weave:
Age fain the present hour would try,
He knows to-morrow may deceive.

Youth sees beyond life's misty vale
The mountain peaks serenely clear,
Nor dreams that many an adverse gale
Meets 'tween the cradle and the bier:
But yet amid the thousand ills
That meet and mingle on our way,
He best great Nature's law fulfils,
Who bows submissive to her sway.

POVERTY.

Now night has spread her sable shade
O'er mountain-top and flowery glade,
While o'er the dark and louring sky
The broken clouds in masses fly.
Alane at this drear hour I stray
Alang thy steeps, Gleniffer brae,
To ponder on what those maun dree,
Wha's hame's the haunt of Poverty.

The rich may hear the plaints of woe
Amid the joys that round them flow,
But not a tithe of what *they* bear,
Wha Fortune's frowns are doom'd to share.

The cheerless hearth, the cold, cold bed,
Where aft the weary form is laid,
Can tell if aught save misery
Ere waits on dreaded POVERTY.

There round the dying embers he
The sharers of his woes may see,
Whose food depends upon his toil,
Meet his approach with hopeless smile.
He knows that Hunger will not stay
Till Justice sweeps the bounds away
That rise between Content and thee,
Thou grief-imparter, POVERTY.

Toil will the sternest vigour try,
And Age will dim the brightest eye,
Yet Age and Want too often blend,
Where neither of them finds a friend.
Wealth springs from toil, yet oft disdains
The hand that her proud pomp sustains,
Yet without toil where would Wealth be?
Where! in the gulf of POVERTY.

LINES GIVEN TO MR. DRAPER, GLASGOW.

Along with a silver Snuff-box, a present from his friends and well-wishers, in the house of Mr. Thos. Mitchell, Paisley.

What Friendship gives thee, guard with tender care,
And in thy inmost heart the token wear;
Time, Draper, will upon thy forehead trace
The lines that mark the last stage of our race,
But Friendship's gift still fresh and fresher grows,
And spreads a halo even o'er eighty's snows.

LINES

Written on witnessing Dr. Kerr open the sluices of the Stanley Dam, which were to admit, for the first time, its waters to the Inhabitants of Paisley.

In former days, when cruel war spread o'er
Our hapless land, and stain'd its fields with gore,
Each merry meeting was convened in halls
Begirt with sentinels and stubborn walls;
The art of war was all our fathers knew,
Their chiefest pride their foemen to pursue;
The banner fluttering in the wanton gale,
The field of strife, the wounded's piercing wail,

Could rouse their souls to energies sublime,
To wrest a soldier's name from all-devouring Time.
These things are changed, and Peace now o'er our soil
Walks in our flowery vales with fearless smile,
While Industry, with Plenty in her train,
Hails with delight her fields of waving grain.
See yonder frowning castle's crumbling form,
That centuries has stood stern Winter's storm,
Now stands an island in the watery plain
Which patriots placed on Stanley's wide domain,
That tens of thousands may with ease enjoy
The beverage that judgment ne'er will cloy.
And first to Doctor Kerr the praise is due,
Who dared with perseverance to pursue
His darling project, till wise laws were framed
To give his townsmen what his genius claim'd,
As likeliest to confer a lasting boon
On those who domiciled in Paisley town.
Auspicious rose the Morn! the crystal rills,
With tenfold haste, forsook their native hills,
As eager to be first in the *new way*
Which would their treasures to men's homes convey,
Clear as when first they bubbled from the spring,
Fresh as the dawn when larks assay to sing,
And hail with grateful songs the new-born light
That wrests our hills and vales from cheerless night.

From towns and villages vast groups repair,
Resolved the pleasures of the day to share,
Among whom ladies fair were to be seen,
Whose smiles spread joy around the busy scene ;
And gallant youths, whose eyes too well betrayed
The wounds that beauty in their hearts had made.
Even Age, and thoughtless Childhood might be seen
Throng pressing onwards to the Stanley green,
Intent to witness Doctor Kerr let flow
The liquid element to plains below.
The sluices drawn, down rushed the willing tide
Through hollow tubes, and soon it reached Calside,
Where Kerr again, joy beaming in his face,
Open'd the second sluice ; with quicker pace
On, on the waters rushed ! in every street
A thousand welcomes its arrival greet,
While Cleanliness on tiptoe hails the prize,
As *jets de eaux* from our throng'd streets arise.

To thee then, Kerr, the precious boon we owe,
And good men's gratitude to thee will flow,
Who first suggested, and whose genius plann'd
What has been finished by Thom's skilful hand.
Long may thy stay among us lengthen'd be,
The fruits of thy beneficence to see,
And when at last thy usefulness must cease
May Hope gild thy last hour, and thy sun set in peace.

LINES

COMPOSED WHILE STANDING BESIDE THE GRAVE OF THE LATE MR. JOHN ROBERTSON, MANUFACTURER, PAISLEY, A GENTLEMAN WHOM TO KNOW WAS TO ESTEEM.

THREESCORE and ten! Stop, youth,
Beneath this earth lies one
Who lent a charm to truth,
And bad men's paths would shun.
O'er his time-honour'd head
Full seventy years had past,
Ere Death, with noiseless tread,
His mantle o'er him cast.
Go ponder, youth! He said man's days were few,
And, when you reach his years you'll find it true.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my Youth! will no morrow
Restore me to sunshine and you?
Fain, early days, would I borrow
Your smiles my lost joys to renew.
Hope wreathes gay youthtime with roses,
Which time in his course steals away;
Ah! who in life's winter reposes
On what lent a charm to life's May?

Bright in Life's morn the horizon
All lovely and fair may appear ;
But clouds, Age can tell, often rise on
The heart, e'er its e'ening is near.
Love has forsaken my pillow,
And left me for solace my tears,
And now, for the myrtle, the willow
Alone my sad solitude cheers.

Years have unheeded roll'd o'er me,
But Hope then expanded my sails,
And Fancy on light pinions bore me,
Where Joy rose on Love's gentle gales.
Memory, ah ! do not uncover
The hour when from Mary I drew
The vows that alone to her lover
Were worth all the mines in Peru.

Love no more smiles on my dwelling,
She leaves me for solace my tears,
And oft, when the night winds are swelling,
These sounds seem to float on mine ears.
" Man ! lay aside your repining,
No sorrows ere visit the tomb,
Which the past to the present is joining,
And where weary man finds a home."

Friends of my youth! ye have left me,
To weep 'mong the young and the gay,
Death! of the friends ye have reft me,
Whose mem'ries will wake my last lay.
And when my lyre in death's slumber
Reposes, its last soundings o'er,
The turf my last dwelling may cumber,
But sighs will escape me no more.

THE TEE-TOTALER'S TODDY LADLE'S COMPLAINT.

What can this mean? There's surely something wrang,
Or I would never idle lain sae lang;
I wha ilk night in glorious liquor swam,
And helpit frien's and neighbours to a dram
O' stuff, that in the heart raised sic a glow
As banished care and dissipated woe.
Now days and months have passed, and here I lie,
As useless as if men nae mair were dry,
Or had foresworn the mirth-inspiring stream
Which made the langest night a wee blink seem.

Surely a change has happened to this house,
At ten o'clock they're a' as still's a mouse;
And sax o'clock ne'er sees ane in their beds,
And I ne'er hear a whish o' aching heads.
Nae rueful faces rueful faces meet,
And at his breakfast every ane can eat
As heartily as if he had been bred
Amang the hills, where appetite has fled,
And left remorse and vomiting to those
Wha tak' at evening a sufficient dose
O' drink; where sugar mixed wi' reeking water
Receives a transient life frae barley's daughter.
I doubt my usefulness is past, and I
Amang the wreck o' things maun henceforth lie.
Thae coffee-pots that used to stand for show,
Wi' essence o' vile beans ilk night o'erflow,
While curran-buns an' jelly tarts gae roun',
An' *dochan dorras* seems an unkenn'd soun'.
O! must I ever idle here abide,
I wha was ance my portly owner's pride,
An' see thae soulless things preferred to me—
Weak lemonade, or trashy jaup o' tea?
O! that the silver that adorns my head,
Was still within its cold and cheerless bed;
O! that the oak on which my body grew,
Was still a sapling gemm'd wi' morning dew,

Where, 'mid my leaves, the feather'd choir might play,
And hail with grateful songs the star of day!
Ye glasses, which I often-times have filled;
Ye *worms*, through which gude whisky is distilled;
Ye bowls, where reeking punch has oft been made;
Ye tuns of ample form, say, must we fade?
Ye portly landlords, whose obsequious smile
So well could from the *pouch* the cash beguile,
Will giddy men no longer meet and sing
Within your wa's till floor and roof-tree ring;
Till Common sense gives place to noisy Mirth,
And Uproar hails with joy its second birth?
If not, then I propose that we repair—
Worms, bowls, and tuns, and landlords fat and fair—
To some wild glen, where mankind's prying eye
What we intend to do may ne'er espy.
There, heap'd together, we will boldly wait
The torch that will consign us to our fate;
And, in one general conflagration, rise
To the dark clouds—we'll ne'er can reach the skies.

BONNY LEEZIE ALLISON.

Bonny Leezie Allison, bonny Leezie Allison,
Deil blaw me south gin ere I saw
A lass like Leezie Allison.
Let ithers boast their raven locks,
Or auburn tresses waving fair,
The rose's blush each colour mocks,
And that's the tint o' Leezie's hair.
Bonny Leezie Allison, &c.

Sweet Cartha winds through flowery vales,
And many a beauty passes, O!
But wha e'er Leezie's breath inhales,
Forgets a' ither lasses, O!
Bonny Leezie Allison, &c.

What tho' she is of low degree,
And toils frae morn to e'ening, O!
Content sits in her laughing e'e,
Where Love wi' Joy is leaning, O!
Bonny Leezie Allison, &c.

The moon may rise and set for me,
It mak's na, I'll ne'er weary, O!
If underneath our trysting tree
I'm seated wi' my deary, O!
Bonny Leezie Allison, &c.

On Levern's banks the roses blaw,
And birds are blythely singing, O!
And round auld Cruickston's crumbling wa'
The ivy's sweetly clinging, O!
Bonny Leezie Allison, &c.

But what are these to me, tho' fair,
When Leezie's ten times fairer, O!
And she has vow'd my heart to share,
And in that heart I'll wear her, O!
Bonny Leezie Allison, &c.

THAT SMILE AGAIN.

That smile again! and on my heart
It will engraven be;
That smile again! it will impart
An angel's bliss to me!

On nimble wing, wi' noiseless tread,
My cares will haste away,
And cloudless Joy will round me spread
Her light—her cheering ray.

The flowers smile sweetly on yon lawn
At morn and e'ening's hour,
The pearly dew, at rosy dawn,
Smiles from each leafy bower.
But ah! their smiles, tho' rich and rare,
Will ne'er such pleasure gi'e
To my fond heart as when my fair,
My Jeanie smiles on me.

Then smile again! and warl's gear
May gang to France for me;
The smile will toil itself endear,
That lights thy laughing e'e.
The rich amid their gilded ha's
Mid luxuries may pine,
I'll be content, whate'er befa's,
When I may ca' thee mine.

WHEN TO THE NORTH MY STEPS I BEND.

When to the north my steps I bend,
The Highland hills to see, man,
In every glen I find a friend
That's unca kind to me, man,
That's kind, kind to me, man,
An' I meet him wi' glee, man,
Tho' frae my pouch he aften wiles
The maist feck o' my fee, man.

John Barleycorn they ca' the loon,
An' he's sae stout an' strang, man,
There's no a man in a' the toon,
But he could lay alang, man.
He's ill, ill to beat, man,
Yet few folk can him hate, man.
For in ilk breast he wakes a flame
That brightens poortith's state, man.

Age may sit hunk'ring in the neuk,
But when my frien' comes ben, man,
Ye'd smile to see how blythe he'll leuk,
Tho' threescore years an' ten, man.

He'll to his tiptoes rise, man,
To welcome in the prize, man;
For weel he kens John has the nack
O' clearing his dim eyes, man.

The ne'er a wedding wad tak' place,
If my frien' wasna there, man,
The middle of the board to grace
Wi' his bewitching air, man.
The fiddlers wadna play, man,
They'd rather want their pay, man,
Than scrape their gut-cords to a core
Wha wad his worth gainsay, man.

An' wha wad care for the New-year,
Without a bottle fou, man,
O' Stewart's best imperial gear,
Or Islay's "mountain dew" man?
First fittings wad gae wa', man,
An' social meetings a', man,
If whisky's mirth-inspiring steam
Should down to zero fa', man.

A blythemeat wad, or I've nae skill,
Turn *sad-meat* very soon, man,
Unless the produce o' the still
Was freely circling roun', man.

Nae kimmer in the town, man,
Wad gang to see a loon, man,
O' sax hours auld, unless my frien'
Was there, the feast to crown, man.

Then let us toast wi' right gude will
My frien'—he's yours an a', man—
That's aye sae ready to instil
What drives dull care awa, man.
The rich, the poor, an' a', man,
In him ne'er see a flaw, man;
Gi'e them at e'en, routh o' my frien',
An' he'll soon mak' them braw, man.

MARY O' THE DALE.

When rosy Morn reveals the plains, wi' a' their flowers sae fair,
And lav'rocks leave the smiling fields, to warble in the air,
With what delight I seek the grove, where aft Love's tender tale
I've breath'd at e'ening's dewy hour to Mary o' the Dale!

Yestreen when in the east the moon hung o'er the
Campsie Fell,
And birds had hush'd their songs, to seek the hames
they love sae well,
We met where Cartha's waters glide thro' yonder
woody vale,
And many guileless vows I breath'd to Mary o' the
Dale.

The soldier's soul may thirst for fame, and deeds of
danger dare,
The gay within their gilded ha's the song or dance
may share;
But what's anither's joy to me, my ain's in yonder
vale,
When underneath night's shade I roam wi' Mary o'
the Dale!

The lowly flowers o' calm Content the richest fragrance
yield,
While underneath Ambition's shade are many woes
conceal'd;
So I will shun her dizzy heights, that in yon flowery
vale
I may find peace and happiness wi' Mary o' the Dale.

TIME SWEEPS ALONG.

Time sweeps along over sunshine and sorrow,
Heedless alike of our smiles and our tears;
Time steals our weeks, and our months, and some morrow
Will rise on the last of our swift rolling years.

Youth may run riot thro' hours wreath'd with roses,
Winter will come, and these flowers will decay;
Man, in the pride of his strength oft reposes
On what, ere 'tis noon, like Morn's dew, is away.

Glories of Egypt and Greece! ye have faded;
Rome! falsely called the eternal, thy fame,
Which fill'd the whole earth with its brightness, is shaded,
And lands thou hast ravaged now laugh at thy shame.

Sun, moon, and stars, as they roll in their courses,
Time will submerge in his fathomless stream;
Drafts on the future he never indorses—
Present and past live alone in his dream.

Ocean's veil'd bed hoary Time may uncover,
Ocean's proud waves o'er our mountains may roll,
Snow-flakes may fall where the swart Arabs hover,
Flowers breathe their sweets where now stretches the pole.

Since then forms change, let us pray that for ever
Changeless our holy affections may bloom,
Till Time's sure hand from existence us sever,
And bury our cares in the shades of the tomb.

JOCK'S FATE.

"WHERE are ye gaun, ye ill-faur'd loon,
Wi' your unshaven chin?
There's no a dog in a' the toon
But frae your leuks wad rin.
The rain fa's heavy frae the cluds,
An' yet your claes are nought but duds."
Jock sigh'd, Jock grat, he ken't the cause,
An' tears ran down in floods.

"I canna tell you," Jock replied,
"I'd fain flee frae mysel',
O! Jamie, wad that I had died
Ere I frae virtue fell;

My hame's grown hatefu' to my eyes,
My wife! if ye but heard her sighs."
Jock sigh'd, Jock grat, he ken't the cause,
An' still the tears would rise.

"O! whisky, source o' a' my woe,
Why did I yield to thee?
Why cherish in my breast a foe
That wrings sic tears frae me.
Content an' Peace hae from me fled,
An' cheerless spectres haunt my bed."
Jock sigh'd, Jock grat, he ken't the cause,
An' hung his aching head.

"A glass, a crack, a cheering sang,
Hae charms nane will deny,
But underneath their charms a pang
O' deepest grief may lie.
And I hae drain'd their dregs, I trew,
Till poverty is full in view."
Jock sigh'd, Jock grat, he ken't the cause
Lay hid in "*mountain dew*."

"I will," and, as he spoke, his eye
Said mair than can my pen;
"I will, Yes! Jamie, I will try
To leave in its ain den

The foe that aft has waked my moan,
The direst foe I yet have known."
Jock paused, Jock vow'd, he kept his vow,
And now he's Mister John.

ON SEEING A SHIP SAIL.

Like a wreath of mist she glides away
O'er the blue, o'er the restless sea,
And the winds amid her cordage play,
As if proud to set her free;
And the seaman looks from her deck with pride,
As she proudly walks o'er the azure tide.

Her anchor's a-peak, and her sails are spread,
And she leans beneath the breeze,
And the curling waves confess her tread,
As she sweeps thro' the trackless seas:
And the sea-birds scream her a long farewell,
As she bears from the land an Ocean's swell.

To a distant land, or the salt sea foam,
The good ship bounds away,
To bring from the Indian's sunny home,
Where the flowers are ever gay,
The wealth of the south and the east, to cheer
The land she now leaves, to her crew so dear

THE DRUNKARD'S AWAKENING.

"O Wife, gi'e me a drink, my tongue
Is cleaving to my mouth,
My head is like to rive wi' pain,
I'll ne'er can quench my drouth!
I should hae been up lang ago,
My master is sae thrang,
Yet here I lie, and canna rise,
O! Kate, I hae done wrang."

O! when will man be wise, an' shun
The poison which enthrals
His judgment, and sinks him below
The verra beast that crawls.
O vice! to whisky you do owe
All your ill-gotten power,
O man! avoid her witcheries,
Ere ruin on you lour.

The sneaking smile bespeaks the fool
Who bends to whisky's sway;
The cheerless hearth all the reward
E'er she was known to pay.

Then up, resolve, and beard the foe,
She ne'er true courage knew;
One struggle more, ye'll gain the day
If to yourselves ye're true.

BRIGHT SHINES THE SIMMER'S MORN.

Bright shines the simmer's morn,
Bright shines the simmer's morn;
Come let us view the flowery fields,
And hail wi' joy the waving corn.

Let those who think that pleasure lies
Within the magic glasses, O,
Come view with me the glorious skies,
And own themselves but asses, O,
Bright shines, &c.

Will dissipation's feeble gait
Wi' health's elastic step compare?
Will aching heads ne'er learn to hate
The haunts where lurks the demon care?
Bright shines, &c.

Refreshing is the morning air,
The night is damp and dreary, O;
The fool who would the two compare,
May sleep till he is weary, O,
Bright shines, &c.

Then let us seek the flowery dells,
When Morn is in attendance, O,
And from the pure, the crystal rills,
Drink to sweet Independence, O.
Bright shines, &c.

The tavern's roar, then, let us shun,
If health or wealth we prize them, O;
The poor man's fortune is begun,
When he learns to despise them, O.
Bright shines, &c.

THE BROOM AND DAHLIA.*

DEDICATED TO WILLIAM BROWN, ESQ., EGYPT PARK, PRESIDENT, AND THE MEMBERS OF THE PAISLEY FLORAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

FROM the gay town I bent my way,
When Eve had o'er our mountains grey
And flowery vales her mantle spread,
And Industry had sought her bed,
Her wasted vigour to renew,
That she might with the morn pursue
The toil that was entail'd on man
When our first parents *sin-ward* ran.

The moon was hanging in the east,
The blackbird's mellow song had ceased,

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* Some of my Friends who had seen the Poem of the "BROOM and DAHLIA" in manuscript, suggested the idea, that it was rather unfortunate for the Poem, that the two Flowers were not in bloom at the same time; I was aware of the fact, but when the BROOM is in bloom, the DAHLIA has attained a considerable size, and I dare say my readers will agree with me, when I say, that the DAHLIA is as capable of speaking *before*, as *after* being in Flower.

The nimble winds had sunk to rest,
The flowers wi' pearly dew were drest;
Dark woods a darker aspect wore,
O'er which swept owls intent on gore,
While silence o'er the scene presided,
Save where some murm'ring streamlet glided.

The balmy air, the moon's pale light,
A charm lent to the lonely night,
While dew-drops glist'ning in each flower
Gave beauty to the solemn hour,
And made me quite forget that care
Was mankind's doom, and pleasure's heir.

To Ferguslie I came at last,
And o'er its smiling parterres past,
Where flowers and shrubs of varied hue
Around me in profusion grew,
And lawns the scythe had shaven bare,
Bespoke the worthy owner's care.

Beneath a lilac's leafy shade
My weary form at length I laid,
And thought upon the happy hours
I spent where spread these shady bowers,
Ere man was written on my brow,
And boyhood knew no time but—*now*.

Near me a solitary Broom
Was waving in the pride of bloom,
Its kindred all had disappear'd,
And flowers from foreign lands uprear'd
Their forms, where bloomed in days of yore
The flowers which Scotia's soil erst bore.
The winds crept gently o'er its head,
Its yellow flowers wi' tears were spread,
Which glitter'd in the moon's pale light,
Like stars that stud the wint'ry night.
Near it a flaunting Dahlia grew,
Its leaves, too, wet wi' night's pure dew;
No weed presumed to lift its head
Within the stranger's well trimm'd bed,
For all around was smooth as though
Ev'n weeds had fear'd the garden's *beau*.

I thought on the despised Broom,
I thought on lands where Dahlias bloom,
Without the skilful gardener's art,
In soils which vigour can impart
To plants which would beneath our sky
Dwindle a while, then fade and die.

As thus I mus'd, a gentle mist
Stole slowly o'er me ere I wist,

Which gave to every flower and tree
A form I ne'er again may see.
The Broom appear'd of larger size,
And suddenly to my surprise
Rose straight upon its stem, as though
It wanted where I lay to know.
I eyed it with a secret dread,
And fain would from its presence fled,
But fear had so unnerv'd my frame,
I scarcely knew I had a hame.

I call'd on Reason to dispel
The mist, when on my ear there fell
A sound as if a plant had spoken,
And Nature's sacred laws had broken.
The Broom its yellow branches waved,
As if wild winds around it raved;
And yet the breeze that glided by
Fell softer than a lover's sigh.
Each flower and shrub inclined its ear
The wailings of the Broom to hear;
While I, unused to such a scene,
Lay wondering what the whole could mean.
At length the Broom the silence broke,
And in a thrilling tone thus spoke:

BROOM.

"Scotland! to whom wilt thou complain
When from thy soil, in proud disdain,
The flowers which Nature's gentle hand
Ordain'd should beautify this land,
Are thrown aside, that feckless things,
(And which nae Scotsman ever sings,)
May flaunt through the few months o' simmer,
Tied up wi' threads to bits o' timmer,
Lest some bit puff o' win' should lay
Their painted beauties in the clay?
These plains where brooms and thistles grew,
When none could our loved land subdue,
Now boast a race on which men doat,
That senseless idiots have brought
Frae lands beyond where sets the sun,
When with our hemisphere he's done.

"That Dahlia that beside me grows,
On which our gard'ner lad bestows
Mair labour than wad raise a hale
Bed o' gude ingans, or green kail,
Was brought frae sunny climes to grow,
Where Scotia's chilling breezes blow;
While we, to gi'e the creature room,
Maun in some unseen neuk consume

Those hours we used to spend amang
The knowes where larks and linnets sang.
Curse on its sunflower-looking face,
And speedy ruin seize the race."

DAHLIA.

"Well done, my yellow-coated friend,
Your speech, I think, I comprehend,
Though spoken in a style as rude
As any useless outcast should;
Ye think, as far's I understand,
Because ye over-ran this land,
And perch'd on every height and hollow,
That better times would never follow:
When men, ashamed of such as thee,
Would till their grounds to nourish me.
Hence, wretch! my leaves thy contact spurns,
Thy wiry twigs my stomach turns."

BROOM.

"Thy stomach turns! gude faith! we'll see,
If mankind will let me a-be,
Wha's stomach first will turn; yon sky
On which warm summer clouds now lie,
Will soon display far other forms,
And be the dwelling-place o' storms,

Wha's breath will from thy feckless frame
The verra soul and substance claim,
And leave thee a disgusting wreck,
Which nought but maggots will respect.
Ye talk o' better times, gude sooth !
It's me, not you, can tell what truth
Lies in your words."—

DAHLIA.

" It may be so
When truth from ignorance will flow ;
But do you think that truth's confin'd
To a particular place ? you'll find
That truth and falsehood thrive where'er
Mankind have homes, or ships can steer.
'Twas commerce first that led the way
To lands where Nature's always gay,
Without which what would Scotland be ?—
Why just a stunted thing like thee."

BROOM.

" What's that you say ? a stunted thing ?
Vile trash ! that to a useless string,
That binds thee to a painted stick,
(Would both were in the den o' Nick,)
Ow'st thy existence ; is't not clear
That we for commerce ha'e paid dear ?

An' what ha'e we made o't? Our lan'
Is quite o'er-run wi' a vile spawn
O' dyvours, bred in ither climes,
Wha perpetrate unheard o' crimes,
Or sell their labour for a tithe
O' what a man should ha'e to thrive.
In former times, ere Scotsmen cared
Wha commerce, or its imposts shared,
A goodly set o' sturdy chiels
Strode proudly o'er our bonny fiel's,
Where if a foe but chanced to roam,
He quickly wished himself at home.
But kindliness was ever shown
To those who would their friendship own,
For commerce, with her selfish arts,
Had not then frozen up their hearts;
Nor had they learn'd to boo and smile,
Contempt within their hearts the while.

"Then Scotsmen made auld Scotland's laws—
Then Scotsmen muster'd in her cause—
And those who dared her soil attack,
Soon learn'd the way to travel back."

DAHLIA.

"Now, Master Broom, I say your wailings
Are nothing but old fashion'd failings,

Would anything o' common sense
Mourn that wild war is banish'd hence,
While Peace and Plenty o'er the soil
Walk hand in hand with those who toil?"

BROOM.

"Stop! utter not another word,
Till I reply to what I've heard.
Will ye affirm that those who toil
Enjoy the riches of the soil
O'er which their weary arms have wrought,
Through winter's cold and simmer's drought?
The *refuse* they may get, 'tis true,
But is the *kernel* not their due?
Where then's the plenty which ye boast?
The men who toil can to their cost
Declare, and commerce too can tell,
(If truth speaks from an imp of hell,)
The distance man now keeps from man,
Since she to rule our land began.
When Scotland had a king, each lord
A kindly shelter would afford
To every vassal who could claim
The honour of his chieftain's name,
And suffer him through wood and dell
The hunter's merry group to swell.

"Look at our modern gentlemen;
If there's a hill, or stream, or glen
On their domains, ye're safer far
Frae neebour's door to draw the bar
At dead o' night, and from him take
What should his next day's breakfast make,
Than tread where sports a fox or hare,
Or rouse a patrick frae its lair.
To jail or bridewell all are sent,
Or possibly to banishment,
Who dare disturb the favour'd beasts
That furnish forth our gentry's feasts.
These are the laws which have been fram'd
Since commerce our proud spirit tam'd,
And men now reckon sordid pelf
Their bright pole-star—their second self."

DAHLIA.

"You've said enough, good Mister Broom,
Now rest yourself while I illume
Your darken'd mind, and let you see
How you and common sense agree.
Men are born equal, you will say;
Granted; but is it right that they
Whose sires by industry and care
Acquired more than an equal share

Of wealth, should part with it 'mong those
Who, led by every wind that blows,
No settled purpose ever knew,
Though well aware of what is due
To idleness and dissipation,
The curse—the ruin of a nation.

" Ye boast about your ancient laws,
O ! Broom, ye certainly have cause;
What was your land ere trade began
To elevate the mind of man?
A nest where every tyrant chief,
(And ten to one he was a thief,)
Could call his vassals to pursue
Whate'er his fancy had in view,
Be't right or wrong; your chiefs were rogues,
Their followers stupid fawning dogs;
Your kings, as all the world knows,
Oft fell beneath their subjects' blows,
Who in their turn fell 'neath the swords
Of stronger, or more subtle lords.

" Each rugged glen contained a *Mac*,
Whose chiefest pride was to attack
His weaker neighbour; wars arose,
And who should have been friends were foes;

Red murder raised her gory head,
And justice from the country fled,
Rough riot over-ran the land,
And peace fled from the hated strand.
Now, what is Scotland? see her plains,
Where cheerful industry sustains
A race devoted to the laws
Which valour gained in freedom's cause.
And what has wrought the change? 'Tis plain
That commerce and the love of gain
Have smooth'd their rugged wayward souls,
And taught them that whate'er controls
The passions, will enlarge the mind,
And men in closer union bind.
In farthest east, or farthest west,
A Scotsman's lot may now be cast;
On sultry India's spicy shore,
On Lapland, or on Labradore,
Where'er he is inclined to roam,
He'll find a welcome or a home.
What knew their fathers of the lands
Which stretch from Patagonia's sands
To the far north, where breezes blow
O'er ice-bound seas and hills of snow?
Why, nothing; now a Scotsman's sails
Are breath'd on by warm India's gales,

And their bold prows plough frigid seas,
Where rudely sweeps the icy breeze,
And bring from every land whate'er
These varied climes spontaneous rear,
To glad a wondering nation's eyes,
And overwhelm it with surprise.

"The Dahlia, among the rest,
Is now through all this land caress'd,
As first among the flowery train
That ornament its bleak domain,
And ladies of them take such care,
As Brooms, faugh Brooms! will never share."

BROOM.

"O Scotland! what is this I hear?
Ye plants that Scotland ance held dear!
Ye Thistles, Scotland's royal flower,
Unfit I grant for ladies' bower;
Ye Whins, wi' yellow coat like me,
Ye Honeysuckles, fair to see,
Ye Primroses, ye Crawflowers blue,
Ye Gowans gemm'd wi' e'ening's dew,
Ye Heather-bells that crown our hills,
Ye Fox-gloves blooming by our rills,
An' mony mae that I could name,
Say, is it not a burning shame,

That plants frae foreign lands should be
Sae far preferr'd to you and me,
That, troth! the things are sae elated,
They won'er we were e'er created,
And wag their heads wi' sic an air,
As they alane were Nature's care?
But Brooms upon our hills will wave,
When they hae filled an unkenn'd grave,
An' flowers that bloom'd when Bruce was king,
Our native poets yet will sing,
While you and a' the gaudy crew,
Wha boast sae muckle o' the hue
That Nature's gi'en you, will remain
Unnoticed by the vocal train.

"Wha ever of a Dahlia sang?
And wha e'er stray'd our glens amang,
That didna warble in their lays
Some verses in our wild flowers' praise?
No ane; the 'Broom o' Cowdenknowes,'
Will be, as lang as heather grows,
Sung by the fairest in our isle,
Despite thy scorn, or heartless smile."

DAHLIA.

"The song I do not doubt may be
Quite worthy of a thing like thee;

But if the bard had seen the flowers
That flourish in our southern bowers,
His song would have been more divine,
And rapture revelled in each line
Just look across this gay parterre,
What plant of Scottish birth is there,
Except perhaps a thing like thee,
That has escap'd the gardener's e'e ?
All have like weeds been cast aside,
For taste, you know, could ne'er abide
Such coarse, ill-looking things to grow
Near where a Dahlia deigns to blow."

BROOM.

" Deigns to blow ! such condescension
I own is past my comprehension,
I wonder what this earth would be,
Depriv'd o' sic a thing as thee ;
The sun I'm sure would cease to shine,
And men in solitude wad pine,
Na ! aiblins, might forget to dine.
An' muckle reason they will ha'e
To look as sour's an unripe slae,
If Dahlias neglect to blow,
An' upon men nae mair bestow
The smiles that from their presence flow ;

There's ae thing they will ne'er complain o',
The loss o' smell, o' that ye've nane o',
Your painted face, 'bout which ye boast,
Is a' ye ha'e to pay the cost
O' bringin' you sae far frae hame,
And adding laurels to your name.
The meanest flower that ever grew,
If scented, I'd prefer to you;
An' Scotland boasts o' mony a flower
That breathes on e'ening's solemn hour
Those sweets that gi'e our bonny vales
A charm, that whosoe'er inhales,
Will wish amang our hills a home,
From which he ne'er again may roam.
Our mountain thyme, our new mawn hay,
Our honeysuckles sweetly gay;
Our scented briers, our hawthorn's hoar,
Live in the poets' mystic lore
In strains that will not, cannot die,
Till Time sinks in Eternity!

"A heartless belle, a scentless flower,
Will never o'er the heart have power,
While humble, unobtrusive merit,
(The noblest gift we can inherit,)
A fragrance spreads o'er the warm heart,
Beyond the painted gew-gaw's art,

And lends to life the joys that bloom
Upon the margin of the tomb!
Hence! darkness can *your* beauties veil,
Our virtues float on evening's gale."

DAHLIA.

"And who, d'ye think, would smell a broom?"

BROOM.

"Ma'e than at night will *see* your bloom;
An' brooms are of some use— whene'er
Stern winter comes to close the year,
And ice-bound lakes confess his sway,
And Dahlias in troops decay—
The curler from his warm fireside
Will sally forth in conscious pride,
Upon the icy plain to dare
His neebour to the friendly war;
But ere they join the joyous strife,
Each curler boldly draws his knife,
And to the copse-wood will repair,
To search for broom wi' canny care,
Of which a besom he will make,
Then to the rink himself betake,
An' plant himsel' beside the *tee*,
To help his frien', if need there be,

By *sooping* up the laggard stones,
Thrown from the hands of useless drones;
Then, '*soop it up*,' he'll loudly cry,
'He's o'er the *hog!*' stop! let it lie!
'Up cowes! it guards our verra winner!
Lord, Tam! ye weel deserve your dinner.'
Or, if his opponent should throw
A stane, that past the *tee* will go,
'Come, gi'e him feet,' he'll cry a-main,
'That stane, my lads, will ne'er count ane,
Lay to your sides, your metal shaw,
And lead *it* roarin' to the snaw.'
But when a stane is weel laid doun,
How cautiously ilk jeering loon
Will kindly tent it till he see
It fairly rest aboon the *tee;*
Then, 'Weel done, lad,' the winners cry,
While roun' their heads their besoms fly;
'A Hieland gill we are your debtor,
Faith, *Johnnie Good** couldna play'd better.'

---

* A once noted curler in the west end of Paisley, who, when in the vale of years, failed not, when there was ice on our dams and rivers, to encourage by his presence, and animate by his enthusiasm, his junior townsmen in the invigorating art of curling. He died lately.

Thus laughter and lang faces meet,
And Brooms are ever bye to see't;
An' he to curl should ne'er presume,
Wha lazily employs his broom.

"An' whare will ye be, my fine frien',
When curlers on the ice convene?
Why, 'mang some useless lumber rottin',
And by your verra frien's forgotten;
For me, I just lay bye my flowers,
To wear them in the sunny hours
That gild our northern hemisphere,
When days are lang, and warm, and clear—
Yet haud my head amang the snaw,
As high's when simmer breezes blaw;
So brag nae mare, gude Mister *Beau*,
For winter's no far aff, ye know."

DAHLIA.

"Me brag! whene'er ye hear me boasting
Of what ye boast, may I be roasting
In Cotopaxi's * hottest flames,
Where Vulcan plays his fiercest games!

* An active volcano, and one of the highest hills in South America. I need hardly mention that the Dahlia is a native of that country, and of course has a right to make use of figures drawn from it.

Dear me, a besom! I ne'er thought
Your spirit could so low be brought,
As boast a name which men apply
To wanton trulls who nightly lie
In wait to catch some giddy fool,
And tempt him to break virtue's rule;
But men are wiser, I can see,
Than I can e'er pretend to be,
And know right well how to bestow
The various plants that round them grow;
With tender care they cherish me,
The putrid sew'rs they sweep with thee;
Enjoy your honours, Mr. Fright,
For I now bid you a good night."

BROOM.

"Good night! ye vain, ye giddy thing,
As ever thoughtless men did bring
Frae 'yont the seas, to flourish here,
An' twine them o' their hard-won gear;
Good night! O! would some withering blast
From Greenland's icy shores o'ercast
Yon sky, and robe in thickest gloom
Earth, air, and sea; still would the Broom
Rejoice amid the sweeping blast,
And still exist when it had pass'd.

" But where would then thy beauties be ?
Say, would they please a lady's e'e ?
Thy useless form would prostrate lie,
Neglected by each passer by—
Your tongue would then forget its railing,
And I, well pleas'd, would hear your wailing.

" An' see it comes ! dark clouds deform
The sky, and indicate a storm ;
Star after star retires from view,
And night assumes a darker hue—
The leaves are trembling on the trees,
And hark ! I hear the rising breeze
Which soon will sweep o'er hill and dale,
Unmindful of a Dahlia's wail ;
The rain-drops fa' amang my leaves,
O Dahlia ! how my bosom grieves
To think what ills on you may fa',
And you frae hame sae far awa !
Ye're bending on your shank already,
Gudesake ! my neebour, pray keep steady,
The warst's to come, or I'm mista'en—
Courage, my lad, ye're no your lane ;
The breeze is sweeping over me,
As fiercely as it blaws o'er thee,

An' thae slim gowans brave the breeze
As boldly as yon stubborn trees;
Whilst thou—but stop! where are you now?
Amang the mire I here avow:
What! no ae word! that groan—'tis past—
The Dahlia has breath'd its last.

"But still the win' an' rain's increasing,
And de'ils were ane anither chasing;
The wildest night that ever blew,
Was naething to this night, I trew.
The light'nings hills and vales illume,
Then leave the earth in thicker gloom,
And thunder shakes the solid earth,
Like laughter when convulsed with mirth.
In faith I maist begin to fear
That my ain hinder en' is near;
But I to brave the blast will try—
The last thing ane can do 's to die."

So spoke the Broom, and to the blast
Its sinewy arms it boldly cast,
As if the whirling storm to dare,
And live despite the rushing air;
When I, to shun the pelting shower,
Arose to leave my leafy bower;

But scarcely had I stood upright,
When on my eyes the clear moonlight
Fell, and reveal'd the scene around,
So calm, so striking, and profound,
That my first thoughts were, do I dream?
Else whence this change? With that a gleam
Of reason flash'd across my mind,
And soon my scatter'd senses joined;
While gleaming in the moon's pale light
Stood Ferguslie before my sight.
The Broom and Dahlia gently threw
Their shadows o'er the pearly dew—
Ilk tree, ilk little flower was there,
The beauties of the night to share;
'Twas Fancy only had portray'd
The storm that ravag'd hill and glade,
And as I eyed the peaceful Broom,
Exulting in its homely bloom,
I thought again upon the time
When boyhood flourish'd in its prime,
When Brooms could please as well as Roses,
And Crawflowers made the best of posies—
When Care's dark shadows were unknown,
And Hope in cloudless lustre shone—
When morn and eve were deck'd with flowers,
And life seem'd bound in rosy hours.

But Time forbade a longer stay,
Yet, ere I homewards bent my way,
I turn'd, and bade with bow polite
The Broom and Dahlia both good night.

THE MICE'S PETITION TO THE CATS.

We humbly pray, great Feline race,
That ye would on our grievous case
Take pity, and no longer place
In jeopardy,
Brutes, wha your legs would fain embrace
Wi' joyfu' e'e.

We aften hae had cause to wonder
How nature had made sic a blunder,
As to inspire you cats to plunder
Us o' our lives,
An' gi'en you mouths waur than a hunder'
O' fleshers' knives.

An' e'er sin' Cats and Mice were made,
Ye still ha'e followed the same trade
O' lying in dark ambuscade,
Intent on killing
Whatever Mouse but pops its head
Into your dwelling.

An' then sae doucely 's ye will sit,
As if ye wadna stir ae fit,
Though Mice in scores should roun' you flit
Frae hole to hole,
Nor fash, though they a dainty bit
O' gude cheese stole.

But if we chance to tak' the air,
The pleasures o' daylight to share,
Ae bound, and we are in that snare,
We mean your paws,
Fit matches for your damned pair
O' hellish jaws.

An' when ye hae us in your power,
Lord saf's ! if ye wad us devour
Clean out o' han', our evil hour
Wad soon be past;
But na ! ye ken ye ha'e us sure,
An' firm, an' fast.

O ! then our sufferings begin,
When from your gripe ye let us rin,
In sight o' the loved hole, wherein
Our wives and weans
May witness how ye tear our skin,
An' crush our banes.

Unhurt ye'll haud us in your paws,
An' sometimes in your frightfu' jaws,
But conscience never from you draws
A tender pang
For us wha never gi'ed you cause
To do us wrang.

An' when o' teasing us you tire,
An' greed o' gore your souls inspire,
A wicked growl displays the ire
That fills your veins,
While we, poor innocents ! expire
'Mid horrid pains.

Some Mice affirm that innate hate,
Implanted by the hand o' fate,
Alone could in your breasts create
Those harsh decrees
Which lead your race to perpetrate
Such cruelties.

Others again affirm, that love
Is the chief reason why ye move
Your bodies us-ward, when we rove
In quest of food,
And logically they will prove,
Wi' reasons good;

That when a Cat devours a Mouse,
Its body forms a kind o' house,
For what remains o' any use
O' the puir creatures,
Which soon assimilates with *Puss*
In form and feature.

This reasoning may do 'mang men,
But metaphysics, we a' ken,
In many cases, nine in ten,
Are inconclusive,
An' to their votaries often len'
Terms most delusive.

An' then the theoretic crew
Wha wi' sic thoughts wad us imbue,
Keep aye the farthest frae the view
O' a Cat's face,
An' shun, as they would fire eschew,
Its sharp embrace.

But let us drap this lang digression ;
We ha'e resolved in general session
To state to you the rank oppression
We still endure,
An' hope in you a reformation
We may secure.

What injuries did we inflict
On you that ye maun us restrict
To holes as dark's the den where Nick
The sceptre sways
O'er those who dare not contradict
Ae word he says ?

An' then for morals, we maintain
That we a better name sustain
Than you, though you may think us vain,
An fu' o' cleck,
For speakin' o' what ye'll ne'er deign
To contradict.

We grant we'll nibble at a cheese,
And aiblins whiles taste candle grease,
But these are things a Cat ne'er prees,
Nor yet oat cakes,
If in its reach by chance it sees
A plate o' *stakes*.

Ah! then ye'll sit as mim as though
Ye hadna ae thought to bestow
On either fat or lean, an' so
Ye'll aften cheat
Those wha your natures do not know,
O' half their meat.

For 'tis weel ken't, that whensoe'er
You cats observe a coast is clear,
On velvet paws ye'll slyly steer,
(No ane will doubt it,)
Sae gently that the nicest ear
Kens nought about it.

An' when upon your prey ye fasten,
(An' ye're no nice about its dressin',)
Nae half-starved Spaniel caressin'
A pilfered bane,
Mair eager seems about possessin'
The thing alane.

Nae thoughts e'er spring in a Cat's breast,
To rise and sally forth in quest
O' her it lately had caress'd,
A meal to share,
Although her stomach may be press'd
Wi' "hungry care."

Na! selfishness without alloy
Still spurs you onward to destroy,
Not only what your greed will cloy,
But what you lea',
The very leuk o't would annoy
The coarsest e'e.

An' if the owner should appear,
Or if a fit ye chance to hear,
Your lugs you instantly will rear,
An' stretch your eyes,
To mark, with jealous care, whae'er
May you surprise.

Then from the am'rie ye will fly,
Hate flashing from each baleful eye,
An' in some neuk ye'll trembling lie,
Eager to fin'
Some chance by which to bid good bye,
An' save your skin.

Yet thoughtless men protect you cats,
Worse thieves than either tods or rats,
An' suffer you to lick their pats
Afore their e'en,
Na! should you kittle in their hats,
You'd be forgi'en.

While we wha are content to feast
On what ye ken nae ither beast
Wad taste, by you an' men are chas'd,
(Sure great's their spirit!)
As if a lion's strength at least
We did inherit.

An' great's the glory must accrue,
We must confess, to men an' you,
Wha ha'e the courage to pursue
Such dreadfu' creatures,
Gudesake! ane maist wad think that few
Had sic bauld natures.

But lest ye think ye ha'e o'er lang
Been list'ning to a Mouse's sang,
We will conclude our lang harangue,
An' humbly pray,
That ye will ne'er again us wrang
By night or day.

We grant that hunger may inflict
His gnawing pangs on you, an' prick
You on to perpetrate the trick
A stomach pleads,
But conscience, Cats, should you restrict
From cruel deeds.

An' if you our petition hear,
Though, faith! we reason ha'e to fear
That ye'll receive it wi' a sneer,
The like 's been done
By those wha hats an' bonnets wear,
An' hose an' shune.

Then if you will at our request
Allow a simple Mouse to rest
Securely in its humble nest,
We'll thankfu' be,
An' own wi' joy, in a Cat's breast
Dwells clemency.

Then would we pray that routh o' *stakes*,
An' pies as gude as PIE MUIR bakes,
Were duly served up for your sakes,
Ilk day for dinner,
As lang as stan's the Lan' o' Cakes,
Or lives a sinner.

That ye may ne'er the heart-ache know,
That ye may find where'er you go,
The best o' sweet-milk roun' you flow,
Now an' for aye,
If mercy on us you bestow,
Ilk Mouse will pray.

BREAD AND CHEESE.

Hail! *Bread* and *Cheese!* Illustrious pair!
The chiel wha plenty has to spare
O' you, may bid the demon Care
A lang adieu,
For he ne'er comes the stomach near,
That's warm and fou.

Hail! *Bread* and *Cheese!* I mind it weel,
When every house contained a heel
O' gude auld cheese, forbye ait meal,
Weel pack'd in barrels,
Which ten times happier made a chiel
Than poet's laurels.

A heel o' cheese! Young men attend!
But maybe ye'll no comprehend
How tradesmen's shelves could groan and bend
Beneath hale cheeses,
When now, if for a pund ye send,
Your e'e it pleases.

Yet so it was; in ilka house
The gude wife gashly could produce
Cheese auld and new, syne crack fu' crouse,
An' sen' it roun',
An' point to ma'e for future use,
When it was done.

Then mankind were a happy race,
Then blythe content beam'd in each face,
Even beggars strode wi' sturdy pace
Frae door to door,
Nor would wi' whining sour grimace
Your alms implore.

Wi' bags weel filled ilk beggar loun
Wad travel the hale kintra roun',
An' tell in every burgh or toun
Whatever blether
He in his wanderings 'neath the moon
Had chanced to gather.

An' whether it was false or true,
Or whether it was auld or new,
It made na, on their hearts like dew
It fell, ilk letter,
An' if it wore a thread o' blue,
'Twas a' the better.

An' never could attention len'
Mair eager lugs to comprehen'
The stories that thae pawky men
Wad glibly tell,
Frae dusk till Watty Peaock *—ten
Toll'd frae his bell.

Then would they cram his greedy wame
Wi' *Bread* and *Cheese* till he thought shame,
Syne speir if he was far frae hame;
If so, to stay,
An' he a bed could get frae them
Amang the hay.

Such was the gait o' our forebears,
Then men to pity's tale lent ears,
And kindly strove to dry the tears
O' helpless age,
Or pour balm on the thorny years
O' life's last stage.

* A noted character in Paisley, long deceased, who was town drummer, and ringer of the cross steeple bell for many years.

But things are sadly changed since then,
For rich as weel as poor complain,
And every body tries to hain
His *Bread* and *Cheese*,
Things, (that unless we taste our ain)
Ane seldom prees.

A groaning shelf now's seldom seen,
And seldomer a chiel, I ween,
Will ken what an auld man will mean,
When he relates
How folk langsyne wad sit at e'en
O'er heapit plates.

In grocers' shops we keep our cheese,
Which, ere we get, the grocer weighs
In bits, a mouse or twa wi' ease
Wad in a day
Consume, and ready be to seize
Some ither prey.

But it's no *Cheese* an' *Bread* alane
That frae the working man is ta'en,
The Beef *Barrel!* where is it gane?
Aff wi' the *Cheese!*
While broth made o' a bare hough bane
His gab maun please.

When Martinmas cam' roun' langsyne
Twa tradesmen wad together join,*
And frae a drove o' highland kine
Wad wale a cow,
On which through winter they wad dine—
The happy crew!

An' blythe an' merry were they a',
When in the saut the *Beef* they saw,
Wi' puddings hanging in a raw,
Frae cleek to cleek,
My faith! it made a house fu' braw
For mony a week.

Nae *Pudding Wills*† were needit then,
For folk made plenty o' their ain,
Baith black an' white; nor wad they hain
The reeking treasures,
It just was cut an' come again
To heapit measures.

* A very common occurrence in Paisley, thirty or forty years since.

† A respectable pudding-maker in the west end of Paisley; he is generally known in town and country by the *soubriquet* I have given him in the text. Those who want to know what puddings were in the "olden time," cannot do better than make an early application at his shop, where many other articles, equally destructive of hungry feelings, may be found, of the very first quality.

And then wad friens and neebours meet,
And kindly ane anither greet,
While Converse on poetic feet
Wad frae her tongue
Inspire the souls wi' generous heat
O' auld and young.

Aroun' the table in a ring
They'd sit an' canty Scotch sangs sing,
An' in their mirth wad laughing fling
Care to the door,
While from their eager throats wad spring
Encore, encore.

These were the happy times, I trew,
When merriment wore truth's pure hue,
And men wad ever hold in view
The onward way,
Where friendship's sacred offering grew,
Nor felt decay.

Ah! BREAD and CHEESE, and BEEF and BEER!
Too long you have been strangers here,
Return our hearts and homes to cheer,
Wi' a' your might,
And we'll ha'e cause to bless the Year
O' THIRTY EIGHT.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. SCOTLAND, GARDENER, BLACKSTONE.

I've been where Blackstone's turrets rise
'Mid smiling fields and meadows gay,
Where flowers unfold their varied dyes,
And Cart's dark waters gently stray.
There aft wi' lightsome heart I'd roam,
To mark how Scotland's skilful hand
Would give exotic plants a home
More genial than their native land.

The rose a richer bloom displays,
That's rear'd beneath his fostering care;
The shrubs that court the wand'rer's gaze,
Bespeak the culture which they share.
Delightful spot! there still at eve
Among thy woods I love to stray,
On Fancy's airy wing to weave
The breathings of some latent lay.

But, Scotland, ah! swift-footed Time
Reminds us that the year is nigh,
When we must seek the unknown clime
Which Nature hides from mortal eye.

Well, let it come! we've had our day,
The young, the gay are dancing theirs,
And tho' flowers bloom in rosy May,
Joy sometimes gleams thro' Winter's cares.

JEANIE'S SMILE.

Yestreen behind the Mystilaw
The weary sun had slippit down,
And pearly dew begun to fa'
Upon the flowers o' merry June,
When I gaed out to meet my Jean,
Wha's artless smile I wadna gi'e
For a' the lands that stretch between
The silvery Tweed and limpid Dee.

Her smiling e'e reveals to me
A heart where dwell the virtues rare,
And she has pledged that heart to me,
Which I will tend wi' cannie care.
My hame may be a lowly cot,
My food the fruit o' stubborn toil,
I'll be content wi' ony lot,
If blest at e'en wi' Jeanie's smile.

SYMPATHY.

A TEAR swelled in my Mary's e'e
  As by a stream we lay;
It fell, and soon the waters free
  Swift bore the tear away.
I asked my Mary why she wept,
  The ne'er a word said she,
But turned her back to me and slept—
  I slept for sympathy.

How long I slept I'll ne'er can tell,
  Suffice it I awoke,
As on my ear these accents fell,
  "This is a pretty joke:
To sleep beside a maiden fair
  Upon a shady lea,
Is mair than flesh and bluid can bear—
  Ha'e ye nae sympathy?"

"I ha'e," was my reply; "ye ken
  Ye slept, an' sae did I,
An' when ye sigh'd, no mony men
  Could heaved a deeper sigh;

An', Mary dear, I'm no to blame,
I tak' my clue frae thee;
Sae when ye slept I did the same,
Out o' pure sympathy."

THE JOLLY OLD TOPER.

A JOLLY old toper, who still loved the jorum,
Reclined at his ease in his cozy arm-chair,
A jug o' as gude nappy liquor before him,
As e'er roused a chiel to make game o' auld Care;
Its bottom he saw ere again on the table
He laid down the jug, then exclaimed, "I am able
To lay under my chair any fool who will dare
Assert that my drinking whole pots is a fable.

"Frae sixteen to sixty I've held it my duty
To keep my heart warm, and my bottle aye fu',
And thanks to dame Fortune, wha's still been *my* beauty,
She ne'er yet has stinted my measure, I trew.
Then draw near, my frien's, and partake of my bottle,
I ken ye've mair sense than subscribe the tee-total;
There's friendship in drinking, it brightens ane's thinking—
So ne'er be ashamed when you moisten your throttle.

The three following Pieces were written by my daughter at an early age, and I hope their insertion in this place will not be objected to by my readers. J. M.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

Welcome ! sweet messenger of Spring,
Thy slender form
Looks lovelier 'mid the storm
Than aught that summer suns will bring;
No gentle hand did watch thy birth,
Or tend thy little spot of earth,
Yet thou wilt live thy little span,
Without the aid of selfish man.

Live on then, little flower,
Tho' wild and drear
Thy mountain home appear,
Fear not tho' tempests lour;
No little elfin mad with play
Will wander here to shorten thy brief stay,
And the wild briers that round thee grow,
Will shelter thee when rude winds blow.

Ah! would my lot like thine had been
On the mountain's side,
Where at evening's tide
I might have wander'd all unseen
Afar from where false friends intrude,
To break the heart's fond solitude,
And where Love's madness ne'er could chain
A heart that must not love again.

One little boon I'll ask of thee,
Ere from thy mountain home I flee;
It is to kiss from thy snowy breast
The frozen tear that there finds rest,
Bending thy slender stem that bears to heaven
The sweetest snow-drop e'er from earth was given.

IMPROMPTU,

ON SEEING THE LEAVES OF A ROSE DROP FROM THE BUSH.

Thy leaves are scatter'd round me,
Thy blooming life is o'er,
And the tenure frail that bound thee
To earth exists no more:
Thou wert too pure and fair for earth,
Go bloom in heaven, it gave thee birth.

THE SISTERS.

Ours was a happy home, Mary,
And children gay were we!
No care was on our brows, Mary,
When by our mother's knee,

Or wandering up the glen, Mary,
To pu' the scented thyme:
Alas! these days are gane, Mary,
The days for which I pine.

Nor will they come again, Mary,
For altered sair are we;
Nor will we smile again, Mary,
Upon our mother's knee.

To a brighter world than this, Mary,
Her gentle spirit's gane;
Our griefs, too, and our cares, Mary,
Now we maun share alane!

Ye canna feel like me, Mary,
The past by you 's forgot;
Ye're happy wi' your bairns, Mary,
Tho' humble be your lot.

We were of different mould, Mary,
You were the gentler star;
My spirit roamed abroad, Mary,
And sighed for things afar.

Life is of transient stay, Mary,
A smile and all is o'er;
A burning tear, and then, Mary,
Our voice is heard no more!

And mine will soon be still, Mary,
But ah! ere I depart,
With all thy former love, Mary,
O press me to thy heart!

And when the silent eve, Mary,
Spreads silence o'er the plain,
And the stars are twinkling lone, Mary,
Come to my grave alane.

Recall there all our loves, Mary,
And o'er my silent grave
Shed the warm tears of love, Mary,
No dearer boon I crave.

THE END.

Paisley:—Printed by J. Neilson.

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